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THE

EVANGELIST,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By SANDFORD C. COX.



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PREFACE.

MOST of the poems contained in this little volume were written and published in the newspapers as early as the years 1833 and 1834. Some of them have been republished in books and periodicals, and others appear for the first time in print.

The dates of the composition of several pieces are given for reasons that will appear obvious to the reader, and the dates of others to show their appropriateness at the time of their composition.

I trust the few flowers I have gathered from the foot of Parnassus, will be allowed an humble place with the brighter and more gorgeous chaplets plucked by abler hands from the top of the classic hill.

THE AUTHOR.

AUGUST 14, 1867.



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WHAT IS POETRY?

VARIOUS definitions have been given of poetry. It has been called the language of passion—the divine art—scintillations of a fruitful and glowing imagination—the mirage of fancy—the love of the bright and beautiful in nature, and in the moral and social world.

Wild flowers blooming in the desert—pearls glittering in ocean caves—the rainbow spanning the heavens after a storm—the aurora borealis streaking the northern sky from the horizon to the zenith with bars of lurid light—the myriads of stars that glow in the nocturnal sky—bright clouds, tinged with gold and purple, that gather around the rising and setting sun, are all full of poetry. Wood-birds with gay plumage caroling amidst green arbors—bees, butterflies, and bright-winged insects reveling in sunlight—meadows

carpeted with flowers of every lovely tint and delicious fragrance—music with its magic tones, and echo which repeats the sweet harmony—brooks mirroring the landscape, or reflecting the moonbeams as they ripple along through verdant valleys, are subjects of poetry, firing the imagination and gilding the fancy with their inherent charms and brilliancy. Every emotion and impulse of the heart—hope, fear, joy, sorrow—is a fountain of poetry in the human soul. The earthquake and the volcano, whirlwind, and the lightning and the thunder, awaken sublime and terrible emotions in the human bosom, calculated to elicit the most grand and lofty strains of the poet, whose harp is strung in unison with the voice of the tempest that strews desolation in its path.

Poetry was the first language of the nations of the earth. When words were few, and language in a rude state, metaphors and apt figures of speech, taken from physical objects that surrounded mankind, were abundant. The laws, philosophy, learning, and religious ceremonies of the ancients were orig-

inally written in poetry. Isaiah, Jeremiah, David, Solomon, and the writer of the Book of Job, made poetry the honored vehicle of the sublime and momentous truths of the Bible. Homer, and his great rival, Hesiod, who lived and wrote in the same century with Solomon, recited their poems at the great games, in the presence of assembled Greece. They contended for the palm of poesy in strains which have descended to the present time, and will continue to echo down the cycles of coming ages until

“Time shall remove the keystone of the sky,
Heaven’s roof shall fall, and all but virtue die.”

The Arabians and Greeks were the first to construct poetry into metrical numbers. They did so to accommodate music, which they considered as the essence and soul of poetry. Indeed, in all the early nations of the earth, poetry and music were combined, and their union tended to their mutual refinement and elevation. Odes and hymns of various kinds were sung by the bards to their entranced countrymen, who were delighted at the recital of the daring deeds and exalted

patriotism of their ancestors, who were represented as being on social terms with the gods, who often left their empyreal employments to aid some earth-born hero, who was struggling to kill a sphinx or centaur, or overthrow some tyrant who was trampling upon the liberties of his country.

At first history, philosophy, eloquence, and poetry were all the same. Poetry had not then been divided into the different regular forms, and distinguished as pastoral, elegiac, epic, heroic, didactic, and dramatic. The genius and inspiration of the poet are divine gifts, and not the result of intellectual culture. Homer, the inventor of epic poetry, stands without a rival. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, who may be regarded as the first dramatic poets, still remain masters of that class of composition. *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, *Anacreon*, and *Pindar* are names that will ever live in the annals of song. Here we would like to advert to the galaxy of modern poets, in Europe and America, whose immortal numbers will echo down the stream of time until it mingles with the ocean of

eternity; but the jar and jostle of this actual, bustling, bread-and-butter world admonishes us to come back to terra-firma, and take part in the more practical yet absolutely necessary pursuits of every-day life.

NOTE TO THE EVANGELIST.

[THE Christian is the highest style of man, and the *Evangelist*, who proclaims the truths of the Gospel, occupies a higher position than any other human being. Earthly governments with all their grandeur and glory soon pass away; but the immutable truths of the Gospel are eternal. The patriot and statesman labor for our temporal happiness and prosperity as one of the families of nations. The Christian Minister labors for the eternal happiness of all mankind in that purer and better land,

“Where rivers of pleasure unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.”

The following Poem was suggested on hearing an able and eloquent sermon preached by the Rev. RICHARD HARGRAVE, at a Camp Meeting near Shawnee Prairie in July, 1834. I have heard many able evangelical sermons from eminent and pious ministers of the various Christian denominations, and find they all speak the same “language of Canaan,” advocate the same cardinal doctrines of Christianity, and are seeking the same heavenly inheritance, which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away.]

THE EVANGELIST.

AWHILE he stood, absorb'd in thought profound;
Deep and momentous was the awful theme
That struggled in his philanthropic breast,
Where all the finer attributes of soul
In harmony most sweet, commingling grew;
And Faith and Hope, deep-rooted and serene,
Beam'd from his countenance and steadfast eye
As round he gazed, solemnly and meek,
As angels gaze, when kneeling at the throne.

Then from his lips, attun'd to strains divine,
And themes most worthy of the deep research
Of him who deals the sacred lore of Heaven,
Flow'd in sweet numbers and convincing power
Each paragraph of Truth—empyrean Truth,
Strong with the potent eloquence of Heaven:
For 't was from thence the Oracle came down—
A Transcript of the Eternal's righteous will,
Who, in his goodness vast, vouchsaf'd to man
Wisdom sufficient, if improved, to gain
A knowledge suitable and just of Him

Who spoke from Chaos' dark dominions,
Of blackness vast and void immensity,
Innumerable worlds, illuminated spheres,
And shining orbs and blazing satellites;
And o'er them all proclaim'd his righteous laws,
That should each govern, in its grand career,
Circling through heaven. And unto those
High-favor'd beings, with his goodness crown'd,
That should inhabit and admire these spheres:
As he had right to do.

Man's primal purity first loud he rung
In witching melody, as if the lyre
Of some bright seraph, hovering round this sphere,
Had wak'd Doxologies, or lent a strain
To thrill this ball, with cadence heavenly sweet.

He spoke of Eden's sunny bowers, and trees
Crown'd with celestial fruits, whose leaves
Of heavenly emerald, were wont to drink
Ambrosial sweetness, teeming from on high,
And glittering mildly as the new-made sun
Rode up the eastern sky in car of gold,
To flood creation with his broad, bright smile
As God had bid, to intimate to man,
His approbation of the sinless world:
As yet unmarr'd, and undefiled by man;

And spoke of streams, that glided gently through
Elysian groves, and flower-embroider'd plains,
Where no fell herb, of poisonous juice, distill'd

Unwholesome odors 'midst the gentler flowers:
Nor thorn, nor thistle grew.

Then of the Fall—rebellious act of man
That call'd its dark, grim colleague, Death,
From his dread lair, to plant aloft
His sable colors, inscribed "Mortality"
O'er blooming wreaths, where erst and lately flow'd
In light divine, and balmy winds of heaven,
The flag of endless life and innocence.

Then of redemption spoke, with lips of fire,
And ardor, kindling high and holy awe,
As he portray'd, in diction apt, and heavenly phrase,
The pathos deep of an offended God,
Who, to maintain the honor of his throne,
And broken laws; and rescue man from death—
Eternal death, did, in his condescension vast,
And mercy infinite, throw 'round himself—
The eternal great I AM, the menial garb
Which sin-stain'd mortals wear, and thus abas'd,
Came bending from the skies—
From his own Court of Majesty Supreme,
Where angel choirs celestial anthems swell,
And from their golden harps, which never fail,
Pour through the empyrean ceaseless strains of love;
And offer'd his own Sacred person on the Cross:
Proffering back Immortality to man.

God hung upon a cross!
While angels mourn'd, if grief can enter Heaven,

And earth, convulsed and trembling on its poles,
Rock'd to and fro, in throes of burning shame;
While Phœbus, blushing to behold the scene,
Shut in his radiance, folded all his beams,
And beckon'd to the clouds to come and aid,
By weeping freely o'er expiring God!
On, in confusion, rush'd the weeping clouds,
Led on their path by fitful streams of light,
That 'scap'd from Heaven's inconstant flambeau's
glare,
That rous'd from far, and every bourne of heaven,
The potent thunders of the Universe,
Which, wildly raving through each hollow vault,
Wak'd every sphere, however distant far,
That God had made, and bade them come and mourn:
Till every planet, orb, and distant world,
Responsive wail'd, and in their track stood still,
Transfixed in woe, and quivering to behold
JEHOVAH bruis'd, and bleeding for this world.

Nor need I now, in labor'd strains rehearse
His melting story of the rising God,
Who, ere three days had settled Nature's mien,
Rose in their aid, triumphant from the tomb,
And cast a smile of bright Salvation round,
That pierced the tomb of many a sleeping saint,
Who, shouting rose, put on Immortal life,
And with the Lamb, triumphing, enter'd Heaven:
Leaving behind a record of his Will,
Which the meek Preacher wav'd, and sternly said,
THIS IS GOD'S LAW—Man's Polar Star to Heaven!

THE FIRST SABBATH.

AFTER the boundless Universe was made,
And God had scann'd with his benignant eye
All his vast works, and call'd each creature good,
Then came the Sabbath on—
The day of rest, and holy adoration.

Hymns of celestial worshipers began on high
The deep-toned music of supernal bliss,
That roll'd in floods of dulcet melody
From Heaven's bright center, to its farthest verge;

Archangels led the Pean of the sky,
“*Hosannas to our God!*” while far around
Bright angels cried, Amen!

A flame of light and love
Burst from the Almighty's throne, so pure,
So bright, that the vail'd seraphs humbly knelt
Before such dazzling radiance:
It was *God's smile*—

The sunlight of the Throne,
That lit up Heaven, and lingers on the stars.

Heaven's wide dominion thundered with applause,
As each loud anthem pealed along the sky,
Hosannas, hallelujahs, and amens,
From heavenly harps and voices sweetly blent;

While seraphim with glittering wings outspread,
Flew like a sunbeam to each distant sphere,
To bear the tidings of celestial joy,
And give a Sabbath unto every world.

Earth caught the impulse. . Hither Gabriel came,
And spoke to our Progenitor of *Rest*—
A Sabbath the Almighty had ordained,
To be kept holy throughout coming Time.

Then knelt our Ancestor in solemn prayer
'Midst Eden's sunny trees, and flowers,
And pour'd his heart's deep gratitude to him
Who made all things so beautiful and good—
Who spread the deep, blue sky above his head,
And lined it with so many brilliant globes;
And underneath his feet spread herbs and flowers,
To variegate the fields, and demonstrate
The boundless skill, and goodness of a God.

And Eve, his lovely consort, who withdrew
Meanwhile the angel and her spouse conversed,
And sought their arbor with the golden fruits
She pluck'd that morn from many a vine and bush;
Pondering well the import of the news
Their angel visitor had brought from heaven,
Felt a delicious languor seize her frame,
Such as a sudden rush of joys produce,
And then reclining on her leafy bed
Wove of each aromatic flower and shrub

That grew in Eden; offered up a prayer
Of deep thanksgiving to the God of Love;
And as her lips each burning word pronounc'd,
A holier transport her white bosom shook,
And glory, honor, majesty, and praise,
Unbounded goodness, holiness, and love,
Were aptly mingled in her fervent prayer.

Awhile the archangel view'd the lovely pair
In deep devotion bent amongst the flowers,
And on them cast a sweet, approving smile,
Then plumed his wings and sought his native heaven.

While thus they prayed, fresh radiance stream'd
around,
Filling earth's solitudes with heavenly light;
Each mountain-top a brilliant halo threw
O'er the broad rivers, and the deep, green wild;
The leaping brook sung joyous to the flowers,
That cast their painted smiles upon its wave;
The lit-up bowers throughout the spacious earth
Wav'd their green tops, as if the balmy winds
Brought more than wonted fragrance as they passed;
Gay, blithesome birds, in artless lays confessed,
The unwonted brightness of their natal woods,
And the bold eagle darting to the clouds
Stirred from his eyrie by the excess of light,
Strove up the ethereal void, to catch a glimpse
Of the archangel entering back to heaven;
And the glad angels anxious to behold

The Sabbath glories of our distant world
Lean'd o'er heaven's battlements with looks of love,
And wav'd empyreal palms, and felt fresh bliss
Highten each rapture they were wont to feel.

And when they saw earth's lord upon his knees
In reverential prayer, 'midst Eden's flowers
That still were wet with the ambrosial dew
That fell that morn in a baptismal shower,
To consecrate the Sabbath of the Lord;
And saw the bright effulgence that lit up
Earth's deepest caverns, and the ocean smile,
In recognition of God's gracious power,
And swell her bosom into thankful waves
That shook each islet on her heaving breast;
And saw the glorious countenance of Man
In his terrestrial Paradise at prayer,
They deem'd our world an outer court of heaven,
And man an Heir to that celestial Crown
That deck'd their heads in that eternal bourne,
That knew no sorrow, but all joys contained.

And as new transports their wrapt bosoms thrill'd,
They turned, from that bright portal of the sky
That look'd towards this far-off world of ours,
And circling nearer the Eternal Throne,
Sung a new anthem in the choir of bliss,
And heaven and earth kept Sabbath on that day.

May, 1835.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come from a land of balm,
Where the sky is ever bright and calm—
A land where the sweet and blushing rose
Forever buds, and forever blows—
Where the daisy and the primrose smile:
I come from a sweet and emerald isle.

I come to scatter around my charms,
And my smile the stoic bosom warms;
I come to renew the barren earth,
To awake the notes of joy and mirth;
To bid sweet herbs and flowers arise;
To paint the wings of gay butterflies;
To swell the sweet melodious lay
Of the wood-bird, warbling from the spray;
That the rill in gay, careering pride
May leap from the herb-crown'd mountain's side;
That the voice of gladness, joy, and love
May fill each smiling forest and grove,
And zephyrs shake from their spicy wings,
Their sweet, aromatic offerings!

But alas! how transient is my stay,
I come—I smile—and then pass away;
I must leave the garlands I have rear'd!

I must leave the bosoms I have cheer'd;
I must leave those fair and sun-lit glades;
Those grots and dells which my smile pervades!
But then I'll go to a land of balm
Where the sky is ever bright and calm—
That land where the sweet and blushing rose
Forever buds, and forever blows.

April, 1835.



WILL YOU GO WITH ME?

SAVILLA, will you go with me,
While the morning breeze is blowing?
Will you go with me to the sounding sea,
While the waves are gently flowing?

Or wouldst thou go to the forest's shade,
While cheerful notes are ringing;
And view the beauties there display'd,
While the wood-bird's sweetly singing?

There busied is the little bee,
While the pearly dew is shining:
O, come with me, and there we'll see
Sweet flowers in garlands twining.

O come with me to the sounding sea,
Or where the flow'r's entwining—
The lovely Jessamine to see,
While the early dew is shining.

EVENING WALK.

How sweet, when evening paints the sky
With rich and varied hues,
To quit the busy crowd, and fly
Into the wood's recluse.

There, freed from business, cares, and strife,
To wander, thoughtful and alone—
To ponder on the ways of life,
Ere the fleeting span is gone.

For where's the heart that ne'er has said,
"Is this my resting place?"
And where's the mind that ne'er has sped
Beyond unmeasured space?

The flower that decks the vernal mead—
An emblem fair of man :
Awhile it thrives, then bows its head,
Ere scarce its life began.

The leaf that flutters in the breeze,
In emerald vigor drest,
Soon whirls among the leafless trees,
Then thrown on earth to rest.

So man the boasted master-piece—
Earth's sovereign! shall decay;
His active limbs their motions cease,
And fall to lifeless clay.

'T is wise in man to meditate
On life's short, swift career,
And think upon the future state,
To him so sure, and near.



PLEASURE.

CAN we the tempting genius find
Which lures us in her train,
And feeds unsparingly the mind
With objects bright and vain?

Will she not, like the rainbow, fly
As nearer we advance?
Or fade before the admiring eye,
And greet it with a glance?

Can she be found in festive halls,
Where mirth and glee abounds?
She there her merry votary calls
To dance in mazy rounds.

Will she there fill her magic vase
And place it to your lips,
And from your mind all sorrows chase
Who the sweet beverage sips?

Can you, when Bacchus fills the bowl,
Behold the genius there,
To soothe the troubles of the soul
And banish every care?

Does she reside in bowers of ease,
Or in the wood's dark shade?
Does she recline among the trees
To bless you with her aid?

Or in the hermit's lonely cell
Is the fair goddess found—
With nuns, or hermits does she dwell,
Secluded—under ground?

In mirth and sensual revelry
Does she propitious smile?
Or on before you ever fly
And mock you with her wile?

Ah! she darts luringly along
Life's swiftly passing stream,
And lulls us with her siren song,
And cheats us with a dream.

AUTUMN.

Lo! the time of flowers is past,
Vegetation's doom is nigh;
Rudely blows the Northern blast
With a deep and mournful sigh.

Tell me, is this Autumn's breath,
Stealing o'er the verdant plain,
Wafting odors fraught with death,
Hushing Nature's coral strain?

Is it Autumn, that we see,
Coming with a sober mien,
Touching every flower and tree,
Withering every herb that's green?

What has stopp'd the wood-bird's song?
What has hush'd the linnet's strain?
What has scath'd the flowery throng?
What has sadden'd all the plain?

Ah! 'tis Autumn which we see;
Autumn, with his chilling breath,
That is stripping bower and tree,
Shrouding lovely wreaths in death.

But let Autumn tell to man
That he's transient as a flower—
That his life is but a span—
That he lives here but an hour.

November, 1834.



THE WINTER TEMPEST.

FROM the bleak chambers of the North,
The furious Tempest rushes forth
In reckless vengeance, sweeping on,
Obscuring violet sky and sun
With its dark livery, dipt in gloom—
As black and fearful as the tomb.

Each plain and mountain feels the sway,
As *Boreas*, rushing on his way,
Spreads wide his sleety wings, in power
Shaking forth snows, or sleety show'r;
While the black harbingers of rain
Float through the groaning heavens in pain.

The naked forest bends its head
Back from the blast, as if in dread
Of the rude storm's impetuous sweep,
And murmurs loud—but can not keep
Its head erect—its lofty trees
Uprooted, whirl upon the breeze.

The fetter'd earth in snow is drest;
Bright rivers wear an icy crest,
And feel the Arctic Tempest's tread
As he uplifts his hoary head,
Bound in a helmet wave of storms,
Which to his ebon front conforms.

The valley, mead, the brake and lea,
Mourn at the cold austerity
Which the rude Visitor displays
In fretful mood—and upward raise
A deep, low murmur to the sky,
As the stern Tempest rushes by.



LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF OSBORNE D. HENKLE,

AN INFANT WHO DIED JULY 24, 1836.

BLOW gently, winds, and waft the sigh
Which memory wakens in my breast;
And as ye sweep your soft wings by,
Regard the place of OSBORNE's rest!
For OSBORNE—lovely flower—sleeps
Beneath the verdant wreaths ye shake!
And he who knew the slumberer, weeps
And says, "O, when shall OSBORNE wake!"

Blow gently, ye soft gales, your balm—
 Breathe all your spices round his tomb:
 Or, blow not—but be hushed and calm—
 Disturbing not his grave wreath's bloom:
 For every tender leaf and flower
 Ye scatter on the barren plain,
 Strips beauty from some bush, or bower,
 Of which it ne'er can boast again.

Beam mildly, sun, and gild the spot
 By deep affections hallowed long:
 Love whispers still "FORGET HIM NOT,"
 And love! O, holy love, how strong!
 Not distant bourne, nor lapse of time
 Can chill, or mar the heavenly flame;
 It knows no distance, date, or clime—
 But glows in life—in DEATH—the same.

Ye gentle stars, that light up Heaven
 When Phœbus hides his golden face,
 O, may your mildest lights be given
 Each night, o'er OSBORNE's resting-place!
 Then shall his slumber be in peace;
 And gently then the "green sod" wave;
 Then friends forlorn their grief shall cease,
 And dry their tears at OSBORNE's grave.

SLAVERY.

WHAT a foul stain of deep disgrace,
Now rests upon our country's face ;
The hapless African may mourn,
And bow, degraded and forlorn,
To his rough task, and daily feel
The driver's lash—entreat and kneel ;
But all is vain, he still must bear
The scourge, and chains of slavery wear !

Ah ! will not JUSTICE yet unsheath
His slumbering blade, and vengeance breathe ?
Alas ! the terrors of that day,
When retribution gains the sway,
And with the trumpet-voice of wrath,
Strews desolation in his path :
The captive then will snap his chain—
No more in bondage to complain ;
The cup of worm-wood and of gall,
Will on the proud oppressor fall.

December, 1834.

FAREWELL.

TO ———.

'T is done—the sad *farewell* is spoken—
Love's silken cord forever broken :
Henceforth, dear girl, we 're doom'd to part,
Each with a pain'd and bleeding heart—
Though hard the fate that breaks the spell,
Yet sweetest, dearest girl, *farewell* !

I 've err'd in that my love was *true*,
O, that it had been false as you !
But I will bear the pain—the smart—
The canker eating at my heart :
Yes, I will bear it like the Oak
That recks not the fierce lightning's stroke !

Henceforth a wanderer I will roam,
Far from her I love and home,
Without a star to guide my way,
Without a sun to gild my day—
Though hard it is love's ties to sever,
Yet dearest girl, *farewell forever* !

THE GREEN WOODS FOR ME.

By the grassy bank of the gentle rill,
On the tufted side of the herb-crown'd hill;
In the deep, green woods, amid the shade
By the stately beech and poplar made;
 When buds are op'ning—flowers springing—
 Tall grass rustling—wood birds singing—
 Sunbeams flashing 'mongst the trees—
 Odors sweet'ning every breeze:

Let me wander, then, in the wild woods free,
For the woods! the green woods forever for me.

Each flowering shrub, and budding tree—
Each sloping hill, and verdant lea,
And bird, and bush, and flower, and stream—
The balmy gale—the sun's bright beam;
 And every darksome dell; and stone
 With mossy lichens overgrown,
 Are emanations of that Power
 That curbs the storm, or props the flower—
That form'd the land, and rules the sea;
The woods! O, God, are full of thee!

On barren glade, or woody dell,
When gales just breathe, or rough winds swell;
When sunshine mantles wood and plain,
Or angry tempests plow the main;

In storm, or calm, alike we see,
The footprints of a DEITY—
Who walks upon the stormy floods,
Who sprinkles blossoms in the woods,
And stamps on every flower and tree
The impress of his Majesty.

Deep in the forest would I dwell,
'Midst woodland scenes I love so well,
And contemplate that Power Divine
That taught the cow-slip's bell to shine,
The flower to bloom, the rill to flow,
The grass to spring, the vine to grow,
The eye to see, the heart to feel
Charms which the woods alone reveal:
Let me wander, then, in the wild woods free,
For the woods! the green woods forever for me!
May, 1840.



CRIMEAN WAR.

Now from the Black Sea's distant shore
Is heard the cannon's deaf'ning roar—
Contending Nations have their banners spread,
And fill'd the Crimea with their reeking dead—
Briton and Russian, Turk and Frenchman vied,
Grappled and fell, and intermingling died.

Long as the record of the brave shall stand,
Or sword shall glitter in a warrior's hand—
So long, O Inkermann! shall history tell,
Of those who bravely fought, and nobly fell.

If war's dire evils were confined to those
Who cause the war, and all its blighting woes,
And Kings and Emperors were made to feel
The pointed arguments of gleaming steel;
If counseling Cabinets who assist to plan,
Were forced to rally in the battle's van,
And feel the shock when fierce battalion strives,
And pay the forfeit with their guilty lives—
Few wars would rage—Diplomacy would be
The paper-sword to carve out Victory.
Few widows then would feel their lonely lot,
Few orphans weep for fathers who were not;
The emptied Treasury soon would fill again,
And hostile Navies would recross the main—
Disbanded soldiers to their homes repair,
The sacred joys of happy homes to share,
And "useless lances into scythes would bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end."

LINES

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

PURE be the wreath that I may twine,
To deck that peerless brow of thine—
Pure be each gem that I may set
In young *Sophronia's* coronet:
 And when the garland is entwined,
 May it be like thy spotless mind.

When woman, with her angel face,
(Cloth'd with each winning charm, each grace,)
First stood in Eden, man beheld!
And love at once his bosom swelled:
 And when the charming prize was given,
 'T was Eden then—O yes, 't was Heaven!

The sunshine then seem'd brighter far,
And brighter shone each lovely star,
The birds sung sweeter in their bowers,
A lovelier tint o'erspread the flowers—
 What rapture then broke on his view!
 He then had Heaven and woman too!

But though exterior charms may win,
The "priceless pearl" is placed within;

And if the treasure you would find,
'Tis hid deep in a polished mind:
The rose will from thy cheek depart,
But goodness, never, from thy heart.

Mere butterfly attractions may
Be sought and worshiped for a day:
The sheen on beauty's cheek may charm—
May nerve the battling warrior's arm;
But ah! how soon they fade away,
And scarcely leave one glimmering ray!

But if your mind is graced with lore,
You still are lovely as before;
Though time and care may strip thy brow
Of graces which delight us now,
And all youth's gentle roses kill,
The mind will charm, will win us still.

Like some sweet rose that meets decay—
When all its hues have passed away,
Its fragrance still the rose retains,
This sweeter quality remains!
Thus, when the outward graces fly,
The mind still glistens in the eye.

TO ASENATH.

THOU art to me a gentle star,
As tranquil and as bright
As that at evening seen afar,
Smiling on the brow of night—
That radiant, mild, and lovely one,
That hangs above the setting sun.

But like that planet's lucid ray,
Perchance thy radiant smile may prove:
The lovely star soon glides away,
Thus soon may glide thy love:
Its lustrous beams that star transfers,
And gilds, and lights up other spheres.

But, when the beauteous orb has fled,
A throng of shining sisters rise,
With light from the same fountain fed,
To cheer the same cerulean skies:
And were ten thousand more to go,
Night's arch would still with brilliants glow.

THE BIRTH OF LIBERTY.

God, from his high empyreal throne,
 Surveyed the Universe afar—
Saw each bright world, and planet lone,
 And every twinkling star,
That roll'd within his wide domain—
Bright links in vast Creation's chain.

He saw far down the boundless sky,
 Our green earth mantled by a cloud;
Oppression's banners waving high,
 Upborne by tyrants proud;
And heard the clanking of the chain
Proud Albion bore across the main.

But when Columbia's Eagle sprung
 Like lightning from its eyrie high,
Her mountains and her valleys rung
 With echoing peals of LIBERTY!
And Freedom's new-form'd altars stood
On every hill-top, plain, and wood.

God saw those altars dot our land,
 And smiled to see a million more—
Each patriot of that glorious band,
 A shrine within his bosom bore,
Whereon his hopes in faith he laid
As he unsheath'd his conquering blade.

God loved the Banner of the brave,
His own bright stars were copied there,
The azure of the Ocean's wave,
The keen-eyed Monarch of the air;
And loved the band that look'd above
For stars to gem the Flag we love.

God blest that banner—blest that band;
In dark oppression's bloodiest hour
Its star-light cheer'd our bleeding land—
Their arms withstood the tyrant's power:
God tore away the cloud, the chain,
And Freedom found a home again.

NIGHT.

O SABLE night! inspire my muse
To wake a strain in thy recluse,
Where forests rear their towering heads;
Where hills, and vales, and flowery meads
Are mute—and every voice is still,
Save the soft warbling of the rill.

Night is the kind, auspicious hour
When gentle lovers seek the bower,
And speak the vow, and give the ring—
A sign of the heart's offering:
When maidens blush, and lovers sigh
To the soft wind which whispers by.

Night! O how solemn and serene
Smiles every wild and lovely scene,
When Luna, mounting in the sky
Pours down her smiling brilliancy;
And night's ten thousand lamps are given
To march in Luna's train round heav'n.

Night how kind! how full of peace,
When life's gay vanities all cease,
When discord, strife, and envy's tone
From nature's smiling face have flown;
When even grief forgets to weep,
And all the weary world's asleep.

Night! how auspicious to the mind,
That wishes Truth—and bliss to find,
For Wisdom sits beneath thy shade,
In all her mystic lore array'd,
And whispers, "Night's the time for man
Creation's noble works to scan."

Night! how cheering and how still—
Not a voice from glen, or hill
Rises to disturb thy reign;
Not an echo wakes the plain:
All is silence, peace, and love,
In dewy lawn, and spicy grove.

Night! O, sacred solitude!
When no discordant thoughts obtrude;
When man may strip his breast of care
And learn how vain earth's pleasures are;
May see God's wondrous works display'd,
And bless Night's calm, and tranquil shade.

H O M E .

HOME, sweet home, the sacred place
Where friendship beams upon each face,
Where coarser feelings all depart,
And Love and kindness fill the heart:
If aught could bind me with a spell
'T would be the mansion where I dwell.

Home, sweet home, that word alone
Has an enchanting, winning tone;
The place where friends and lov'd ones dwell
Has a peculiar, binding spell,
And binding charms, and bids us come,
And taste the bliss and joys of home.

Home, sweet home, to thee I'll fly
With anxious breast and eager eye,
For absence makes thee doubly dear,
And thoughts of home oft start the tear—
To thee, the place of joy and love,
Let me return like tired dove.

Home, sweet home, thy halls I'll pace
And greet my friends with smiling face:
The welcome look and tender kiss
Shall fill the measure of my bliss,
And then, O! never may I roam
From thee, enchanting home, sweet home.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH RUE,

WHO DIED APRIL, 1833.

SHE is gone from the sorrows of time
To taste bliss immortal on high;
She is gone to a heavenly clime
Where such flowers ne'er wither nor die.

She has gone from the valley of tears
To the glorious abode of the blest;
Where the storms of afflictions and cares
Shall ne'er mar the sweet joys of her breast.

To the plains of celestial delight,
Her sainted, pure spirit has flown;
To a land illum'd by the light
Which beams from Jehovah's bright throne.

Celestials! a higher note raise,
For another immortal is giv'n,
To join in the Anthem of praise
And swell the Hosannas of Heav'n.

A harp—golden lyre now give
To a hand that shall touch the sweet cord,
And while an Immortal shall live
Shall strike to the praise of her Lord.

LONELY HOURS.

LONELY hours invite the mind
To meditate on things of Time;
And in those hours alone we find
The region where our thoughts should climb;
For what is Earth, with all her toys,
Compared with Heaven's eternal joys?

This life we view, and contemplate
Another—better far, than this,
Where all life's stormy ills abate,
And leave the spirit free to bliss:
Where all the shining hosts above
Bask in God's boundless sea of love.

How reckless many waste this life,
Nor scarcely feel the flow of Time;
How many stir the cup of strife,
And steep their harden'd souls in crime:
But yet awhile, and they shall feel
The woes which Holy Writ reveal.

TO LEVINA.

ON RECEIVING A RINGLET OF HAIR AS A MEMORIAL.

LEVINA, this fair wreath shall be,
Treasured long and dear by me;
When through the cold world I shall roam
Far from kindred, friends, and home,
It shall tell my troubled mind
There is *one* that's true and kind.

Though adversity should frown;
Care and turmoils bear me down;
The world present a dreary scene;
Affliction rear its pallid mien;
Yet this auburn wreath shall be
A token of thy constancy.

Let the world put on her gloom;
Hope stand trembling o'er its tomb;
Friendship, smiles and joy, be gone,
Leave me in the world alone:
Yet when this bright wreath I see,
It shall rush my thoughts to thee.

Kind Heaven, bless the gentle fair!
Who gave me this bright wreath of hair;
Guard her o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Then take an angel home to thee:
This auburn wreath, 't is Friendship's spell,
My fair Levina, fare thee well.

SONG.

[ON VISITING THE SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.]

WHAT fond recollections now warm up my heart
While I tread in this path where in childhood I
trod;

Sure feelings thus sacred can never depart
Till my heart lies all pulseless beneath the cold sod.

Though the vine-leaves are dead, and chang'd is
each tree,
And voiceless, and marr'd, is the once silvan
grove;

Yet memory's fond pencilings are dearer to me,
For they tell of my young heart's first throbbings
of love.

How brightly the sunbeams once glanc'd on this rill,
As it merrily flowed through yon deep primrose
dell;

And bright were the wild flowers that festoon'd this
hill,

O, bright *one* young flower, I remember so well.

Here often our young band of revelers met
And pour'd our full song with the lark's early lay;

And pluck'd the wild rose while its leaves were still
 wet
With the dew-drops that glow'd in the sun's golden
 ray.

On the soft grass and flowers that mantled this plain,
 We joined in the play when our bosoms were young;
And quick beat each heart, while the sweet Lydian
 strain
Was loudly, and sweetly, and tenderly sung.

When noon's sultry heat drove the flocks to the shade,
 And the wood-bird sat mute on its spray in the
 grove,
We hied to yon bower where our play-house was
 made,
And thought on, and look'd—but spoke not of love.

Sweet scenes of my youth, I remember you yet;
 Though the vision has fled, and my bosom grown
 old—

Dear friends of my childhood, I ne'er can forget
 Our sports, till this bosom lies pulseless and cold.

Though the vine-leaves are dead, and chang'd is
 each tree,
And voiceless, and marr'd, is the once silvan
 grove;

Yet memory's fond pencilings are dearer to me,
 For they tell of my young heart's first throbbings
 of love.

THE FLOWER.

AN ALLEGORY.

A FLOWER stood blooming in the vale
And gently bow'd to a passing gale;
The gale with a whisper soft, and bland,
Said, "Come, sweet flower, to a distant land,
Where the golden rays of the sun are shed
On the opening flowers of the verdant mead,
And the gentle stream as it wanders by
Mirrors the cope of the deep-blue sky;
Where the earth is bright, and the seasons calm:
Come, sweet flower, to this land of balm."

The gentle flower with a blush replied,
"Green is this bower where I reside,
And softly the golden sunlight's shed
From my *native* sky—on my *native* mead;
And brightly, and calmly, my native stream
Mirrors the sky, and the bright sunbeam."

The gale then circled its balmy wing
More closely around the Queen of Spring,
And whispered again, in a gentler tone—
"I would thy fragrance were all my own;
I have pass'd through many a sunny clime
Where roses reposed on beds of thyme;

Where the hyacinth blush'd with its loveliest glow
O'er the blue-eyed violets that smiled below,
But, never in garden, meadow, or bower
Have I seen so fair and lovely a flower."
The floweret blush'd, and its flame confess'd,
And anon they hied to the beautiful west.

But, alas! the fate of that lovely flower,
Brief was its stay in its new-made bower :
The simoon pass'd with its withering breath,
And the peerless flower lay prone in death.

Sad, and lorn is its native bower—
Shorn of its fairest, and loveliest flower;
Clouded, and chill, is its native vale,
And sad is the sigh of the lonely gale.



DEATH FERRY.

OLD Charon stands in his Ferry-Boat,
Which he always keeps in trim and afloat,
Summer and Winter, day and night,
He plies his pole with a giant's might;
Never weary and never sad,
Never joyful and never glad,
He speaks to none, but looks ahead,
And points to the *landing of the dead*.

Though storms may howl, and thunders roll,
And shake the earth from pole to pole,
He recks not the tempest—his stalwart form
Towers 'midst the gleam of the lurid storm:
Vultures and ravens mix in the blast,
And hover around when the storm is past;
And croaking frogs line the gloomy shore,
As we are told by the Bards of yore.

'T is said he first secured the right
To ferry across the stream of night;
And the first time he made fast his cable
Was when he landed our brother Abel.

At first this Ferry was not so throng,
The ancients were temperate and lived so long,
Few trips were made o'er the Stygian flood,
And the staple freight was from fields of blood;
All ages and sexes he tumbled in,
The man of God with the man of sin,
The slave and his master, side by side,
The Moor and the fair Circassian bride;
Child and grandsire, grave and gay,
Were in hurried pell-mell stored away;
For the Boatman hied to the distant shore,
To return again in haste for more.
Kings and people from every land,
From where the eternal pyramids stand,
To the distant confines of the West
Where the golden sun sinks down to rest;
And all who may yet inhabit this ball,

Till Time shall be wrapped in its funeral pall,
Must pass o'er this Ferry in Charon's Boat,
Which he always keeps in trim and afloat.

Such was the Pagan's view of death—
When man resigned his fleeting breath,
But a flood of light burst through the gloom—
It springs from the Savior's opening tomb,
Dispelling the dismal clouds that hung
Where night winds long death dirges sung ;
The Stygian flood soon sunk away,
And Jordan in its channel lay—
A narrow stream, with pebbly shore,
Where angels now ferry mortals o'er.

Old Charon's Boat is laid aside,
Salvation's galleys now swiftly glide
Athwart the narrow, turbid stream,
Guided by the Day-star's gleam,
Which like a thread of golden light,
Girdles the sable folds of night;
And drives death's Gorgon terrors far
Before the light of Bethlehem's star.

When I across that stream shall go,
Sweet star, thy mildest radiance throw,
And let me by thy gentle beam
See far across the sluggish stream,
Angelic cohorts thickly stand
On Canaan's flower-enameled land,
And beckon me on with sweet acclaim,
Shouting my dear Redeemer's name.

BIRD'S NEST IN THE THISTLE.

NEAR the hedge in the orchard a tall thistle grew,
Which long had been nourished by sunshine and
dew ;

As I passed along near it this feeling arose—
It is right to strike down our inveterate foes ;
This Arab in Armor ! I 'll smite to the ground !
He 's a pest to mankind wherever he 's found ;
My cane whirled in air with a bellicose stroke,
And the thistle, frail greenling ! was instantly broke !

My resentment was gone, and something like guilt,
Relax'd the firm grasp of my hickory sword hilt.
Ah ! why thus make war on an innocent weed ?
But regret came too late, I had finished the deed ;
Just then I beheld what ruin was done—
A bird's nest my wrath had laid bare to the sun ;
Three callow young birds within it were lying,
And their distressed parents around me were flying ;
I mended the rent I had made with my cane,
And propp'd up the head of the thistle again ;
Then retired from the spot confused and relenting,
My rashness and mischievous valor repenting.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF ELLA GERTRUDE SPENCER,

WHO DIED IN THE THIRD YEAR OF HER AGE.

CEASE, fond Mother, cease to weep,
Thy darling ELLA's but asleep;
I know we mourn, and call it death
When lovely infants yield their breath;
But say not such sweet flow'rets die,
They're but transplanted to the sky!

Dear ELLA, on thy snowy brow,
The dews of death have settled now;
And 'neath thy bright eye's closed lid,
Soul-glances are forever hid;
But to a purer clime above,
Where all is brightness, joy, and love,
Thy cherub spirit took its flight,
Beyond the sapphire gems of night!

We mourn, sweet child, thy early doom,
And tried to snatch thee from the tomb:
Could love and skill have kept thee here,
No tears would fall upon thy bier;

But Jesus said—"Let children come!
Upon my bosom there is room!"
Then thy pure spirit flew away
To live in realms of endless day!

O, spirit-land! what brighter throng
Shall join that new, celestial song,
When the redeemed with loud acclaim,
Shall shout their dear Redeemer's name,
Than that innumerable cherub band
That deck like flowers the heavenly land!
They brighter shine beyond the tomb,
Resplendent in perennial bloom!

Earth's rarest flowers will fade away,
The brightest suns, and stars decay;
But the Immortal soul shall live
As long as He who did it give.
Our ELLA's gained that heavenly bourne,
And we are left below to mourn,
But weeping friends, forbear to weep,
Thy darling ELLA's but asleep.

THE WILDERNESS MAID.

IN a valley of Monon, secluded afar
From the vortex of strife, and the tumults of care;
Where the flowers of Spring in a gay wreath join
With the moss-cover'd stone and the Ivy vine;
Where the lofty Elm lifts its boughs on high,
And the Poplar waves, when the wind rushes by;
Where the Violet smiles from its humble bed;
Where the wild rose nods its lovely head;
Where the woodland Hymns in sweet melody rise
Toward the bright blue veil that envelops the skies;
Dwells a youthful Maid, in the Western wild,
In lonely seclusion—the Wilderness Child.

The Wilderness Maid is gay, gentle, and fair,
Her light step elastic, her heart free from care;
Her eye beams with pleasure, the graces combine,
She seems less of Mortal than Angelic line:
Her innocent bosom—the seat of a heart
Undefiled by deceit, or affectation's art,
Is warm with the feelings of Friendship and Love,
Which she has imbib'd from Nature's sweet grove—
That school of simplicity, where we may read
The diction of Heaven, in landscape and mead;
Where SOLITUDE, Mother of lessons divine!
Invites the pure bosom to bend at her shrine,

And pour its oblation, untarnish'd by art,
From the pure, holy fount of an innocent heart,
And indulge in reflections, so welcome and sweet,
While the matted spring flowers rise kissing our feet.

Amid the sweet flowers on Monon's bright stream
That mirrors the landscape—where Phœbus' first
beam

In morning effulgence bursts on the calm glade,
To halo the haunt of the Wilderness Maid;
The sylph of the wood, with love-kindling mien,
Strays pensive, and lone, 'midst the flow'r-spangl'd
scene,

While the bright dew is sparkling in the primrose's
bell,

And zephyrs are loitering in the fragrant dell;
Where the butterfly sports on its gilded wings,
And the emerald arcade above her rings
With the mingled notes of the warbling throng,
Which pour to God their sweet matin song.

The balm breath of morning her sweet lips inhale;
Her breast bears a chaplet, fresh pluck'd from the
vale;

Her bright auburn tresses steal down her fair brow,
Where modesty, virtue, and innocence glow,
And charms which weak language would vainly por-
tray,

Or Painter's best skill, would fail to display;
But beauty is NATURE'S, and she has display'd
The *sample* of beauty—the Wilderness Maid.

RETURN OF SPRING.

AWAKE! O muse, and help me sing
The glad return of rosy SPRING;
The cheerful Nymph, whose smiling mien
Lends rich enchantment to each scene;
Whose vesture—green, inweav'd with flowers,
Whose favorite haunts, grottos, and bowers,
Where cowslips smile, and roses blush
On primrose dell and fragrant bush;
And where the clear pellucid rill
Marks the green margin of the hill
O'erhung with bowers; and stately trees
Toss their bright foliage to the breeze.

Through grotto, dell, and woodland shade,
Go, gentle Muse! invoke *her* aid
Whose magic touch can wake the wood,
And snap the fetters of the flood—
That this with melodies may ring,
And that, roll freely, murmuring;
Whose witching smile unbends the earth,
And gives young vegetation birth,
Which, joyful at the gracious beam,
Leaps thickly up round brake and stream,
Till forest, down, and teeming grove
Are fill'd with Flora's gems of love.

Go with her, and behold her shed
The vital beam o'er hill and mead—
The sunshine smile of Nature given
To prove her mission is of heaven.
See the early blossoms raise
Their nectar'd bells in sign of praise;
Observe the gentle warbling throng
Pour forth their gratitude in song;
See the wild fawn bounding free,
Hear the murmurs of the bee.

The painted butterfly behold
Sporting on wings of jet and gold;
The purling brook with rushes crown'd
Where water-lilies breathe around;
The clear, calm vault of heaven lin'd
With azure broad and unconfined;
In fine, the magazine of love
Unlock'd and streaming from above;
When all these beauties are display'd
Their sheen thy humble reed will aid,
And guide thy hand, while every string
Shall hail the rosy nymph of Spring.

MY NATIVE GROVE.

I LATELY stray'd through my native grove,
Where in childhood's morn I was wont to rove,
Where the bell flower hung its tender head,
Where the violet grew in its humble bed,
Where the crystal surface of the rill
Reflected the wreath that hung on the hill.

That grove, so lovely in youth's fond day
Where oft I've sported with revelers gay,
Still smil'd with a sweet, but soberer mien,
Though drest in its splendid robe of green;
And the wind which whisper'd through the trees
Seem'd a sweet, yet a melancholy breeze.
I walk'd alone 'neath the green arcade
By the spreading beech and sugar-trees made,
And the briny tear stole in my eye,
And the passing wind bore away a sigh,
While a holy feeling pervaded my breast,
As I sought my native bower of rest.

Though fragrance fill'd the smiling grove,
And the lone dove cooed its song of love,
While the blackbird piping from the tree,
Mix'd its strains with the robin's minstrelsy;
Yet sweet melancholy fill'd my soul
As memory over my senses stole.

Ah! where is the gay and the sprightly band,
With the rosy cheek and snow-white hand,
And the youths—their partners in the play
With whom I so often here would stray?
And where is Ellen of angel face
Whose Lydian notes oft fill'd this place?

They're gone! Time rudely scatter'd the band—
Has wither'd the cheek and palsied the hand;
And many who here the play have led
Are numbered now with the sleeping dead,
And the rest are scattered o'er the world
Like the leaf from its parent tendril hurl'd.

O, Ellen, no more shall thy guitar's strain
Ring witchingly through this bower or plain,
And Orlando's sweet and blithesome lute
Has ceas'd to echo—lies still and mute;
Yet thy guitar's strain and his charming note
Shall in fancy's nice ear often float.

The only music that wakes this grove
Are the wood-bird's artless lays of love,
And the honey-bees humming round the flower,
With the breeze that rustles through the bower,
Or the whippowil at the close of day,
Or the screech-owl from the time-scath'd bay.

Though the band is gone, and the lov'd one's dead,
And the cypress waves above her head,
Yet on memory's page the scene is enroll'd

In brighter characters than gold,
And shall last till the fatal shafts of death
Shall pierce this bosom and steal my breath.

Adieu! to the wild and sacred shade,
Where I so often in childhood played,
To the soothing murmurs of the rill;
To the fragrant garlands on the hill,
To the violet wreath; to the sacred grove,
To the notes of cheerfulness and love.

LAYS OF THE YEAR.

THE "LAYS OF THE YEAR" were written at the times indicated by their dates, for the amusement of the writer, and a few special friends. Care has been taken to promote the general welfare of society, although satire is sometimes employed against the more reprehensible follies and vices of the times.

The verses on the REBELLION, and those composed during the progress of the War, are intensely patriotic; so much so, that perhaps they would sound better North than South of Mason and Dixon's Line.

Whether they possess poetic merit or not, they will doubtless be regarded as faithful historical annals of the times.

LAYS OF THE YEAR.

LAYS OF THE YEAR—I.

OLD-FASHIONED TIMES.

JANUARY 1, 1862.

Look back, kind reader, through my humble rhymes,
And take a glimpse of good old-fashioned times,
When our good Fathers wrote with goose quill pen,
And only grown-up gentlemen were men;
When Mothers taught their daughters how to spin,
And preachers North and South made war on sin;
Ere telegraphs into our borders came
To whisper messages with tongues of flame;
Or steamboats on our lakes and rivers ran;
Or railroads their triumphant course began;
Ere blooded cattle left their native shore;
Or Shanghai chickens had been peddled o'er:
When female chicken sat upon its nest
To hatch her eggs (that method seemed the best,)
For then no furnaces were built for hatchers,
And mother hens were deemed the better scratchers.

Law then had reason, Justice for its guide,
And Judges then on merits would decide,
They searched for *facts*, nor did they once incline
To try the cause by *Mason and Dixon's line*.

The Doctor, too, (for people then were ill,)
Was always careful how he mixed his pill;
Careful he was of patient's limb and life,
And rarely used the amputating knife—
Quack nostrums then were seldom made,
Medicine was termed a science, not a trade.

From morn till night mechanics plied their tools—
Nor squared their labor then by ten hour rules,
And if they made a bureau, chair, or reel,
Or put new felloes in a wagon wheel,
It was a matter plainly understood
The article and maker's warranty was good;
For pine and linn, by way of crafty joke
Were never put in axle-tree, or spoke;
Worm-eaten timber then was seldom used,
Though daubed with putty, still it was refused;
A cow-skin boot would wear a year or more;
A good fur hat, well used, would last for four,
For *Fashion*—spruce and fickle jade—
Not often showed her freaks to help on trade,
The father's great-coat with its ample cape
Was like *his* father's, both in hue and shape;
Young men wore box-coats, and huge bell-crown
hats,
Plain swan's-down vests, and black silk cravats—

No fourteen dollar jacket then was seen
On a boy-man just entering on sixteen.
These robin-redbreasts are of later date,
'T is lately only they have grown so great—
Cigars and brandy nine times in a day,
In other times 't was hinted would not pay—
Mustache and goatee then was never seen,
And neat trimm'd whiskers had a face between :
But should a boy train'd in our higher schools
Be cramped and fettered by old foggy rules?
And girls from boarding-schools be hurried home—
(Why not be sent to learn to paint, to Rome?)
And thus be thwarted in their darling wishes—
Brought home to spin, and cook, and wash the dishes!
Pianos, Polkas, quadrilles, all adieu!
The Bank has broke, and *Pa* is ruined too!

All at the Concert, or the Church would sing,
Without an organ, flute, or fiddle-string;
But Giles Mellifluous—leader of our choir,
Whose vocal talents half the town admire—
Has often said with an indignant sneer,
Holding his polished tune-fork to his ear—
That such rude music was a sad disgrace,
To Church or Concert, or to any place—
Such harsh, discordant notes were sung,
Half through the nose, the other half by tongue—
That Patent buckwheat notes would never do,
(He sung the *do, ra, me's, and round notes too*,)
'T was his opinion in the realms above
Where all is music, harmony, and love,

No common Angel is allowed to sing,
To touch a lute, or strike a sweet harp string,
Gabriel, and Archangels only dare aspire
To join the ranks of the Celestial Choir!
But Giles may be mistaken, for that rule
Would knock to flinders Giles' singing school!
For who would learn such dulcet strains below
If such sweet strains could never higher go?
Must we condemn the wise Creator's plan
To suit the nice, fastidious taste of Man?
Then not a bird's nor insect's voice we 'd hear
That did not chime harmonious on the ear;
The jay, the black-bird, and the little wren,
Would flit in silence through the shady glen;
And in the moonlight, on the distant hill,
No Owl we 'd hear, nor plaintive Whippowil;
The *Katydid* in twilight hours no more
Would chirp as cherrily as it did of yore,
Kingfishers flying up and down our rivers
Should never trill their demi-semi-quavers,
The Cuckoo, Thrush, and gentle Turtle Dove
Alone might warble their sweet notes of Love.

Hoops then encircled hogsheads, barrels, tubs,
(Now I've offended Miss Jerusha Stubbs,
And other women who affect to frown,
As though I meddled with the styles of Town,)
But I am wandering from the beaten track—
Halt! my Pegasus! I must rein you back,
And turn your head toward the battle-field,
Where war's dire miseries are all revealed.

Since Satan strove upon the plains of Heaven,
And with his rebel hosts from thence was driven,
And tumbled headlong to the realms below
(Where all the rebel leaders ought to go,)
No war so wicked, cruel, and unjust,
As that which seeks to level to the dust
Freedom's fair Temple—by our Fathers built,
To defend which their blood was freely spilt.
O! Revolutionary Fathers! can it be
Thy sons have sunk to such degeneracy,
That they now spurn the Flag you waved on high,
And bore aloft amidst the battle cry?
The glorious star-gemmed Banner of the Free,
You bore triumphant over land and sea!

“*States' Rights*”—“*Secession*”—some assert is
right,
And on that faith they arm themselves and fight,
Plunder the Nation, and their neighbors too,
To split our glorious Government in two,
If riven *once*, why not *divide again*?
And then might not some others still complain?
Where would we stop? At fractions one, two, three?
Why not divide, to number ninety-three?
And then if malcontents should still be found,
Put it to vote, and pass the morsel round,
Until each County stood a Sovereign Nation,
And Townships gained a like exalted station?
O Folly!—Perjury!—Rebellion!—Crime!
Blackest and deepest on the page of Time!

What wicked, strange infatuation
Has brought about this strange hallucination,
That plunges millions from the throne of reason,
Into the vortex of the blackest Treason!

Is it the love of Freedom?—or the Nigger—
That makes our Southern Chivalry pull trigger?
They'll kill the Goose that lays their golden Egg,
Or they will break the poor old creature's leg.

The British Lion and his whelps may roar,
We've seen his teeth, and heard him growl before,
Twice has he raged and sprung upon our shores,
And twice shrunk back to whine, and lick his sores.
Should he again make war on Uncle Sam,
We'll make him bleat as piteous as a Lamb.
For his outrageous, insolent aggressions
He'll lose his whole American possessions.

Some may desire that my erratic Muse,
Should longer dwell upon the current News—
Rehearse each battle by our soldiers won—
Tell what's transpired, and what will yet be done,
How soon the War will be brought to a close,
And Patriots triumph over rebel foes.
But we must wait, and hope, and fight,
And pray to God to aid us in the Right.

LAYS OF THE YEAR—II.

PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.

JANUARY 1, 1864.

HAIL glorious year of JUBILEE!
Hail millions! who to-day are free!
Hail patriot soldiers on the field,
The arm of GOD will be revealed,
To aid you in your righteous cause,
To save our Government and laws!

The TRUCE with SLAVERY is ended,
'T is broken so it can 't be mended;
An arrow from Abe Lincoln's quiver
Has pierc'd the Monster through its liver!
The dying hydra howls with pain,
And tries to stanch the wound in vain;
The life blood's ebbing from its side,
The grave and hell are open wide
To take the defunct monster in,
And cover up the infernal sin.

Who mourns because a demon dies?
Surely not the good and wise.
Who lifted high the traitor brand,
And thrust it with a felon's hand

At Freedom's bosom in a rage?
The foulest demon of the age—
SLAVERY, some call it—others CRIME—
The blackest on the Book of Time.

If Southern rebels without reason
Rush headlong into crime and treason,
And to extend their darling "Institution"
Try to strike down our Federal Constitution,
Destroy our glorious Government and laws,
Without the slightest palliating cause,
Should we stand still and see the ruin spread
Till Freedom's Temple topples o'er our head?
No! patriots, sons of Revolutionary sires!
Rouse! Rouse! and kindle Freedom's altar-fires,
On every hill-top, and on every plain,
Till the Red Dragon of Disunion's slain!

Some prate—"Do n't strike an erring brother" (?)
Would you look on and see him kill his Mother?
And not attempt to turn aside the dart
Aimed at that Mother's fondly throbbing heart?
The Federal Union is that loving Mother—
The Southern people that rebellious brother.
Why not arrest the matricidal arm
Upraised to do that doting Mother harm,
Though it might wrench the shoulder from its socket,
And spill the loose change from the rebel's pocket?

Some foreign Journals frequently make mention,
Of English, French, and Spanish intervention!

Such gasconade will do across the Ocean,
Who ever dreamed they entertained a notion
To interfere—except with wordy spleen?
Be sure, kind reader, they are not so green:
France has her hands full down in Mexico;
That little fight will make her puff and blow;
Her crowned Usurper better look at home,
Or to his football—poor downtrodden Rome.
England had better feed her starving poor,
And let her lank, old Lion snore—
And of the Northern horde beware—
Keep a sharp look-out for the Russian Bear,
Whose paws once scatter'd British, French, and
Turks,
And gave them all some fearful hostile jerks.

The friends of Liberty, in every land
Upon the side of Freedom take their stand;
Though frowning despots may attempt to awe,
THE PEOPLE'S WILL IS EVERY-WHERE THE LAW!
Woe to the fierce headstrong minority,
Who try to rule the vast majority—
Tyrants beware! and Oligarchies quake!
Downtrodden millions will their fetters break!
And sceptered despots shall, with hideous groans,
Come tumbling from their guilty Thrones!
And the oppressed of every land go free,
And shout a universal Jubilee!

Strike! patriot soldiers! strike another blow!
And send the dire Rebellion down below!

No matter what you 've done, or seen, or said—
Whether CONSERVATIVE or COPPERHEAD;
Whether you 've been unfortunate, or lucky,
Hailing from Tennessee, or from Kentucky,
Or what you think of Lincoln's Proclamation,
Stand up! and battle for the nation!
Regard this war as but a chastening rod,
This foul Rebellion as the scourge of God!

Thanks to our gallant volunteers!
They 'll chase away our gloomy fears
Of DRAFTS—and each coercive measure,
The thought gives universal pleasure!
Shout patriot soldiers with one voice—
"WE SERVE OUR GOVERNMENT FROM CHOICE!"
We 'll rally round our Flag once more,
Upon the ocean and on shore—
Where'er the rebel foe is found
We 'll pass the pealing anthem round,
And save our great and glorious Nation;
Our arms and God will bring Salvation!

What will transpire within this year,
Is known to none upon this sphere;
God only can the future scan—
'T is a sealed book to mortal man,
Yet still we are allowed to guess,
And our opinion to express;
Our guess is, that twelve months from now,
The Yankee boy will drive his plow
In peace across those Southern fields,

Which now such fruitful harvests yields—
Davis, and Toombs, and all their clan,
Will soon skedaddle, to a man ;
And seek in foreign lands to save
Their bodies from a felon's grave.

God bless the ladies of our land,
Who like a bright angelic band
With tireless energy have stood
And ministered in all that's good :
With words of cheer and sunny smile,
They would the soldier's cares beguile.

LAYS OF THE YEAR—III.

THE TRUMPET SOUNDS! TO ARMS!

JANUARY 1, 1865.

THE tocsin sounds, to arms! to arms!
Our country thrills with War's alarms.
Rouse, Patriots! charge upon the foe,
And lay their traitor leaders low!
Four years the rebels of the South,
Like a volcano's fiery mouth,
Have pour'd destruction through the land!
And still they lift the gory brand
In bold defiance of the right—
Defying still their country's might!

Arouse! brave Freemen of the North!
And pour your serried columns forth!
Scatter and peel each rebel band
That would destroy their native land!
Make every rebel leader feel
The piercing edge of loyal steel;
Or if the punishment you'd alter,
Give each a well-adjusted halter.

Take care, proud scorner of the Right!
Why thus for Human Bondage fight?

Has Slavery such celestial charms,
That you must die within her arms?
Ah! your Delilah has at length
Shorn off your locks of Southern strength;
Blind and enraged you feel around
Until the Temple's pillars found
You pull—the tottering Temple shakes,
And all within the Temple quakes!
The fabric rocks, anon 't will fall,
And in wild ruin bury all!

But mark the slaveocrat's mistake,
'T was Freedom's Temple he would shake
From its foundation in his rage—
For this in war he did engage;
But by mistake his felon hand
Pulls down the Dagon of his land.

If Slavery is so good a thing,
And does so many blessings bring
To those who feel its gentle sway,
Why give the whole of it away
To an exotic, colored race?
Should not our sympathies embrace
The poor white man, whose daily toil
Stirs many a rood of Southern soil?
And then the *rich*, perhaps, *deserve*
The *blessed privilege to serve*;
The master, too, should take his turn,
And his support by labor earn;
And his dear wife and children too,

Should not be thrust clear out of view—
They should have access to the hoe—
They to the cotton-fields should go ;
Or worm tobacco, gather rice,
Without once thinking of the price.

They 'll get their "Rights" I think ere long,
They 'll get them surely good and strong.
Sherman and Grant will do their part
To teach the Southern head and heart
A lesson that will do them good ;
The thing is plainly understood
That the Almighty's just decree
That says "the oppressed shall go free,"
Is Scripture truth, and will transpire
In spite of man's or devil's ire.

Two nations which I here might name,
Who think themselves both strong and game,
May yet, to save their crumbling thrones,
Come kneeling on their marrow bones,
And ask our pardon for their aid
In helping rebels run blockade.

Let foreign tyrants put on airs,
And furnish rebels large corsairs,
Fit out and man each black brigand
That prowls around both sea and land ;
And to increase our sad commotion,
Transport across the briny Ocean
A little royal Austrian villain,

That history may call Maximilian,
And place him on a fragile throne
More mean and tawdry than their own.
Their patent meanness will crop out!
We've seen what they have been about,
And when the proper season comes
They'll hear the music of our drums;
That little royal sprig they pamper,
From Mexico anon will scamper,
And Johnny Bull himself may feel
The edge of our well-tempered steel—
He yet may prove a Unicorn
And boast a single shortened horn.

The world looks on when patriots fight,
And judges accurately the right;
Though banded despots may combine,
And by intrigue and base design
Thwart for awhile a righteous cause,
Obstruct the truth, pervert the laws—
Give aid and comfort to the foe,
As far as secret aid can go;
Yet their vile plots will come to light,
And time will set the matter right.
What France and England have been doing,
While we our rights have been pursuing,
Is known to all, and all agree,
They're paragons of perfidy;
While they to friendship make pretense,
Their double-dealing gives offense.

Both nations with a subtile art,
Have aimed to stab Columbia's heart—
Clandestinely they aimed the blow,
And helped supply our mortal foe
With men and ships and ammunition,
And bettered their forlorn condition;
But mark you there will come a day
"When retribution gains the sway,
And with the trumpet-voice of wrath
Strews desolation in its path!"
Then France will bleed at every pore,
As she has often done before,
And England's little Island reel,
Beneath the avenger's smiting steel!

But why look far across the sea,
Near home a meaner class we see—
Those who the Government despise,
And with the rebels sympathize;
Monstrosities in human shape,
Who fain would men, and patriots ape,
Who prate about the "Constitution,"
And that "peculiar institution"
That heaven in mercy rear'd down South—
Sweet plum just suited to the mouth
Of every stupid, callous villain
Whose mind is *warp'd by Party drilling!*

O, Party! shall thy *Upas* power
Still blight us in this dreadful hour?
Shall Demagogues with artful mien,

Still pull the wires behind the screen,
Regardless of the blood that flows,
And of the Nation's countless woes?
Poor sordid, truckling politician,
Your Country's in a sad condition;
For God's sake let the people be
While fighting for their Liberty;
The favorite Hobby which you ride,
Awhile in mercy put aside,
Until the country's safe from treason,
Or give some patriotic reason
For your persistence in a course
That neutralizes much the force,
The Government's compelled to wield
Upon the gory battle-field;
You have no reason, except *pelf*,
And love of your own little self.

Fight on! brave patriots, fight on!
Until the victory you have won;
A few more months may close the scene,
And with your laurels fresh and green
You will be welcomed home again,
From tented field and ocean main;
And generations yet to come,
When listening to the martial drum,
Will send their thoughts, through ages back,
To linger on your glorious track!

LAYS OF THE YEAR—IV.

FREEDOM TRIUMPHANT.

JANUARY 1, 1866.

TIME's sea has cast anotner wave,
And roll'd the past year to its grave,
With all its throbbing hopes and fears
'T is numbered with departed years;
But its bright record still imparts
A thrill of joy to loyal hearts,
And will as long as time shall stand,
Form a marked epoch in our land!
Though much of sin, and wrong, and crime,
Stain'd this and every other clime,
While the departed year sped on,
Justice and Right great conquests won.

Though LINCOLN met the martyr's doom,
And sleeps in quiet in his tomb,
That ever will a Mecca prove
To all who Right and Freedom love,
The great Rebellion, like a Dagon fell,
And sent its cohorts and its hopes to h—ll;
Four million bondsmen into Freedom sprung,
And a loud *Jubilee* exultant sung,
Which roll'd in melody through every State

Where late they bow'd to Slavery's cruel fate.
Kentucky tried to check the black man's song,
And vainly strove his bondage to prolong—
But Right prevailed! the negro's fetters broke!
And Old Kentucky held an empty yoke.
Henceforth our Nation shall be ever free
From the foul curse of human slavery;
And coming ages, in their sweep efface
The rougher outlines of our sad disgrace.

The rebel States that brought the war about—
That picked the quarrel, and would fight it out—
Now sue for clemency—let it be given,
Since to the wall the scoundrels have been driven;
But first it should be plainly understood,
The thrashing's done the pesky rascals good.
The rank and file we ought to grant relief,
But larger rebels should be brought to grief.
The devastation which themselves have wrought—
The desolation which their folly brought,
They may repair by years of honest toil,
JOHNSON no further would their homes despoil;
Room for repentance he has wisely granted,
Though they have curs'd, and fought, and vaunted;
He bids the Prodigals return again—
The fatted calf is ready to be slain!

We next will turn and take a glance
At England, Mexico, and France,
And it may be our coy, erratic Muse,
May give some short kaleidoscopic views

Of Austria, Germany, and Russia,
Of Denmark, Italy, and Prussia,
Of Spain, and many other nations,
With their political equations;
And mark the Anglo-Saxon race,
Pushing its conquests into every place;
Soon Hottentot, and Finn, and Esquimaux,
Will claim protection under Saxon law,
And cast their idols, and their altars down,
Though Molochs threaten, and grim Odins frown!

England shall first receive attention;
Her glorious annals we need scarcely mention;
Through every clime her powerful name is known—
The power and prestige of the British throne;
Awhile she scatters blessings 'round the world,
But soon linked curses are in vengeance hurl'd!
In selfish mood she "roots and snoozles" 'round,
Until the golden acorn she has found—
Then her bold Lion lifts its gory *paw*,
And her wise Premier "expounds the law;"
But, Johnny Bull, (good, jolly, clever fellow,)
America will shortly make you bellow—
That dreadful malady, that pain you feel,
Are the sure symptoms of the *Hydrocele*—
Depletion may your wonted health restore;
When cured, beware—and go and hook no more!

France next upon the tapis pitches in—
That land of bayonets, fashion, and of sin;
Her chivalry too often play the dunce,

Strike variant blows, and look two ways at once.
Down with the Monarchy! her people cry,
And Kings and Nobles into exile fly!
Then a Republic rears its graceful head,
And to French Liberty the nation's wed;
But fickle, restless, soon the people prove—
A sprig of Old Napoleon makes a move;
A Throne! an Emperor! the people shout,
And in a trice the thing is brought about.

The small Napoleon sitting on his throne,
Is not content to rule the French alone;
Towards Mexico he casts a wishful eye,
And heaves a deep Napoleonic sigh.
The *status* of that land he would improve,
And gives a sample of his Royal love.
Fond of ambition, and as fond of pelf,
He can not fill two powerful thrones himself—
He sends a proxy—yclept Maximilian;*
A little, royal, itching, Austrian villain,
To sway the scepter o'er the Aztec race,
Vowing to hold him steady in his place;
But the scared Austrian and his royal friend
Have doubts where the experiment will end.
The Austrian Prince begins to rue his task,
The small Napoleon now strips off his mask;
He must recall his troops from Mexico,

*MAXIMILIAN was shot by order of a court-martial of the loyal Government of Mexico, on the 19th day of June, 1867, for attempting to subvert the Republic of Mexico, and establish a Monarchy on its ruins.

Or that big thing—the *Doctrine of Monroe*—
Might breed a rumpus that would give him trouble,
And burst his own bright imperial bubble.
England stands back, and Russia growls dissent,
And the great Rebellion has its fury spent—
Then why should he of all “the powers” alone,
Stand propping up the tottering Aztec throne?
If other Monarchs will not succor lend,
And in some manner the great cause befriend—
The common cause of every regal crown,
He ’ll dash it, like a hot potato, down!

Kind reader, I must now retire,
And lay aside my rustic lyre;
But ere I close my annual lay,
Let me to those in affluence say,
Be kind unto the humble poor
Who seek a morsel at your door;
Be kind to all, of every station,
Of every kindred, clime, and nation—
Love’s the great law that rules all things,
Which all our choicest blessings brings;
Let it in all our acts appear—
The crowning jewel of each year.

LAYS OF THE YEAR—V.

MARCH OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

JANUARY 1, 1867.

TWELVE fleeting months have passed away,
Since last we sung our New-Year's Lay,
With all their varied hopes and fears,
They 're numbered with departed years;
But memory clings to each bright scene,
Though sad events may intervene.

A year brings mingled joy and sorrow—
A smile to-day—a sigh to-morrow—
Joy thrills one bosom with delight,
Another 's filled with pain and blight;
The winds which bring good news to thee,
Bear others to their destiny.

But such is life—a sunny gleam
Now darts athwart Life's eddying stream,
Whose broad, deep current rolls along
Majestic as the soul of song;
May we its dangerous rapids shun,
And smoothly on its bosom run.

No open war has raged of late,
To overthrow our ship of State;
One year of peace has blest our land,
Though many a guilty traitor's brand
Has pierced the hearts of loyal men
With many a Southern (low) *Amen!*

The bold secessionists still vaunt,
And for "States' Rights" they rave and rant,
Although their wicked cause went under,
'Midst volleys of our loyal thunder,
They still desire to rule the Nation,
And if they could they'd rule Creation.

The Fenians tried to give relief
To Ireland—but were brought to grief;
They still are sanguine they'll succeed,
And make the British Lion bleed;
We're "neutral" but we feel for Finnigan,
Roll up your sleeves and then pitch "in again."

Austria and Prussia had a fight,
But soon they set all matters right;
In sentiment they differ wide,
But soon they both were satisfied;
War had few charms for them, *Per se*,
Then why should they not soon agree?

The little pest called Maximilian,
Whom some have termed the "Austrian Villain,"
Who sought a crown in Mexico,

Had his great project to forego ;
He thought the enterprise too tough,
And was the first to cry—*enough* !

Napoleon, too, was made to wince,
And cease to aid the Austrian Prince ;
Both of them were alike to blame,
And both alike now feel the shame ;
God bless the land of Santa Anna !
We 'll give a shout for " Mexicana ! "

The march of science and of mind
Is onward, and is unconfined ;
Through every land and every zone,
The truths of science are made known,
From Afric's desert, burning sand,
To Oonalaska's frozen strand,

The Arts their shining trophies rear
In every clime, both far and near ;
The dwarfish Finn looks on the ship
Which makes its dangerous Arctic trip ;
And on each distant Southern Isle
Art's glittering gew-gaws shine the while.

Steam vessels traverse every sea,
And Telegraphs all round we see ;
Anon, a belt of wire will bind
The " social circle " of mankind ;
And Chinamen will sell their Tea
Before 't is gathered from the tree.

Worlds' Fairs will Commerce greatly aid,
They form a mighty Board of Trade,
Where every luxury and staple,
Turkish, Protestant, or Papal,
Of every nature and condition,
May be placed on exhibition.

To Paris soon the World will go,
To see the great All-nations-show—
Had we the time, and funds to spare,
We rather guess we would be there;
Should fortune such good luck refuse us,
We hope the Emperor will excuse us.

At these great Fairs each State and Nation
With years of careful preparation,
Display their brightest, costliest gems,
From napkin Rings to diadems;
May our historic treasures be
The trophies of the brave and free.

These social gatherings of mankind,
Will closer the great nations bind,
In bonds of amity and peace,
And discord, strife, and war will cease;
Then shall millennial glories shine,
And God the hearts of men refine.

A few more years and our broad land
From the Atlantic to the Pacific strand,
Will teem with an active population,

From every distant clime and nation;
And the Great West will shortly be,
Push'd far into the western sea.

Who knows but what we may be able
To lay a great Pacific Cable,
And link the islands of the main,
In one grand, strong commercial chain;
We think each obstacle will yield
Before another Cyrus Field.

The Atlantic Cable lately laid,
Connects two Hemispheres in trade—
The News of London or of York,
Of Dublin, Paris, or of Cork,
Flies to us with the lightning's motion
Beneath the wide and stormy ocean.

If whales could reason, sharks could talk,
It would their calculations balk,
And prove a matter of much wonder
How streams of lightning could flash under
Their Ocean highways every hour,
And they not feel their potent power.

But whales and sharks and all the fishes
Can't thwart a scheming Yankee's wishes,
If he once takes a stubborn notion
He'll bridge a river, or an ocean;
Franklin and Fulton, Morse and Field,
Have each their powerful wills revealed.

A few more years will bring about
A railway on the Pacific route,
And the steam-horse with might and main
Will speed across each western plain:
In five days' time the cars will run,
From Boston to the setting sun!

How grand, magnificent the thought!
Two Oceans close together brought!
A telegram in half a minute—
(No, 't is received before you begin it,)
So says the dial—beats the sun,
Yes, lightning can Old Sol outrun!

We look to Congress to keep straight
Each boisterous threatening rebel state,
Who "fought themselves out of the Union,"
And would not deign to hold communion
With those who guarded Freedom's altar;
The wretches! They deserve the halter!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

JOY AND SORROW.

THERE 's a time when life is sweet—
Worth possessing—seems a treasure,
When the pulse with youth's fond beat,
Thrills the raptured breast with pleasure.

There 's a time when love can smile—
Sweetly fill the heart with gladness,
And life's various cares beguile—
Gilding o'er the scenes of sadness.

There 's a time when joys can reign,
And diffuse a holy feeling;
Sweeter than the minstrel's strain,
When through fragrant myrtles stealing.

There 's a time when friendships warm
And congenial hearts are blended;
But, alas! the coming storm
Rages, and the union 's ended.

There 's a time when love will fly,
Like the early mists of morning—
Like the rainbow in the sky,
Call'd the rural shepherd's warning.

There 's a time when pleasures cloy,
And the sated bosom, proving
The fallacious depth of joy,
Seems ashamed for ever loving.

There 's a time when sorrows come
Like the northern tempest sweeping,
Then the voice of love is dumb,
And the eye is red with weeping.



IMPROMPTU

ON THE GRAND PHENOMENON DISPLAYED IN THE
HEAVENS ON THE MORNING OF THE 13TH
NOVEMBER, 1833.

Of late, just at the blush of day,
The firmament was lined
With meteors darting every way,
Like leaves before the wind.

In zenith's high and calm serene,
The frolic lights begun ;
And in a flaming group were seen
Through western heaven to run.

Those mimic stars, at first, but few,
Danc'd gayly through the sky;
But soon their shining retinue
Join'd the grand revelry.

Ten thousand gaseous torches blaz'd—
Ten thousand meteors shone,
As if the mingling heavens were raz'd—
In fell disorder thrown.

Across the milky way they run
And pierced the western space—
Seem'd fearful lest the approaching sun
Would sweep them from their place.

Methinks some savage eye beheld
These grand phenomena;
And as the heart with terror swell'd
Bowed to the earth to pray.

But, O! how grand the meteor's play
To those who wiser are,
Who, smiling, view the grand display,
Devoid of fears and care!

Long time the sportive meteors sped
Like brilliant lamps through heaven,
Till daylight beamed—then quickly fled,
From their grand circus driven!

WORDS.

Words are the raiment of our thoughts,
Worn carelessly or neatly at our will.

SOME garments fit the wearer with a grace,
Right words fit, too, exactly in their place;
We consult taste if we but buy a vest,
So taste culls words which suit the thought the best.
Too many garments weigh the wearer down,
And needless Jewels mar the costliest Crown.
If a bright idea like a star should glow,
And through mind's labyrinth its radiance throw,
Do n't mar its splendor, and becloud its sheen,
By hiding it behind a wordy screen.



CHILD'S QUESTION.

MOTHER, who made the earth and sky?
Who made the grass and flowers?
Who placed the shining stars so high
Above this world of ours?

My dear, God made the earth and sky,
God made the grass and flowers,
He placed the brilliant stars on high,
To light this world of ours.

ADVICE.

IF you would have your humble name
Inscribed upon the roll of fame,
Learn well the character of those
Who from Life's common level rose ;
The Wise, the Honorable, and Great,
Who rule in Letters, Church, and State,
Once trod the humbler paths of life—
And mingled in its toils and strife.

Few e'er from Wealth and Luxury came
To win a proud, immortal name,
The poor, obscure, and humble youth
Delves deeper in the mine of Truth;
With strengthened nerve and practic'd eye,
He lifts his telescope on high,
Takes in a wider field of space,
And proves no laggard in the race.

LOVE.

WHEN first Love's bright sunshine beams on the
 young heart,
 Like the rapturous gleam from some ocean of
 bliss,
It flows through the bosom unfettered by Art,
 While the soul's best emotions rush meeting and
 kiss;
For this soul-binding thrill—love's rapturous flow,
Is the nectar of mortals while toiling below.

Tell the young maiden that Love's but a dream—
 A meteor that dazzles a moment, then dies;
She'll tell you 't is constant, a perennial stream
 That glides on in peace, and each barrier defies;
That its dreams are all sacred, and waking hours
 bright
As a crystalline drop from the cup of delight.

Tell her it changes as time rolls along,
 And mingles with Lethe's dark current of death:
She'll tell you 't is changeless, delightful, and strong,
 And clings to the bosom till yielded with breath,
That 't is vital, unfading, and lights up the soul,
With the bright glow of rapture which self can't
 control.

AUTUMN WINDS.

Now the frost-gods are advancing,
On the wings of Autumn borne;
And the Southern sun is glancing
Paleness, on the landscape lorn.

Now the Summer flowers are dying,
Which so lately deck'd the vale;
All their balmy fragrance flying,
On the withering Autumn gale.

Now the Forest wears a sadness,
And its leaves are falling fast,
Which so lately rung with gladness,
As each whispering zephyr past.

Now the soft melodious singing,
Of the little birds is hush'd;
And a warmer clime they're winging,
Since their Summer bowers are crushed.

Ah! sweet groves, so lately teeming,
With the gaudy wreaths of Spring,
Are disrob'd, and ghastly gleaming—
Tost, and torn by *Boreas'* wing.

But will not a Nymph come flying
On the vernal breath of SPRING,
That will raise the flower that's dying,
And a cheering carol sing ?



DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.

I DREAMED I was a child again,
Chasing butterflies over the plain,
Culling flowers from valley and hill,
Twining the rose with the daffodil ;
And playmates talked, and laughed, and sung,
Just as they did when I was young.

The Sycamore-tree stood near the Mill,
The grapevine swing was on the hill ;
The canoes still in the mill-pond lay
Where I moor'd it often in childhood's day,
And the Elm that stood near our cabin door,
Sway'd in the wind as it did of yore.

The old log school-house with clapboard roof,
For years 'gainst the weather had been proof—
The same oak pin made fast the door,
The same hewed puncheons formed the floor—
The windows—long logs half chopp'd away—
The chimney was built of cat-an-clay.

The wild deer bounded athwart the lea,
And wood-birds warbled from bower and tree—
The Indian's wigwam as ever stood
Half hid 'midst a thicket of hazelwood;
And near the bridge that spann'd the rill
Still splash'd, and paddled my flutter mill.

I heard afar the hunter's horn
O'er the distant hills at early morn;
And along the river's winding shore
Plied the Keel-boat's slowly sweeping oar,
And the Pirogue suddenly hove in view,
With its merry, rowing, singing crew.

My dream then changed. I sought again
Our verdant play-place on the plain,
But, lo! an orchard was blooming there,
Where erst sweet blossoms scented the air—
Our cabin was gone, and the cut-down hill
Had swept away the old grist-mill.

No school-house, or Wigwam could I espy,
But a Locomotive went thundering by,
The Telegraph passed where the hunter trod,
Strange, transverse, talkative lightning rod!
The Steamboat had taken the Pirogue's place,
And the Indian reluctantly left the chase.

A Town with its hum and bustle stood near,
And its bells were ringing in my ear—

Tall steeples were glittering in the sun
Where often I'd seen the wild deer run.
The harsh, rattling Gong my slumber broke,
And I from my childhood dream awoke!



THE WAMPUM* RETURNED.

[A young Indian Prince, previous to going to battle, returned to his betrothed, a rich and beautiful Wampum Belt which she had woven with her own hands, and presented to him as a token of her constancy. Considering the approaching battle as extremely doubtful as to its results, and desiring that the precious keepsake should not fall into the hands of a victorious enemy, he persuades her to keep it for him while he goes to the conflict. She reluctantly consents. Her gallant young brave soon plunged into the thickest of the fight, and fell on the gory battle-field within less than a league of the lodge of his swarthy but true-hearted maiden.]

TAKE back the token

I wove for thee?

Is the spell then broken?

And are we free?

Has my Warrior come with a broken bow?

Is he sad from the watch of the white man foe?

* *Wampum*.—Small beads made of different-colored shells, used by the North American Indians as money, and also wrought into belts, etc.—*Webster*.

Or, has he seen
O'er the prairie green,
A maiden more fair—
Some Indian Queen?

Ah! black-eyed maiden
Thou'rt right I ween—
My bosom is laden,
My grief is seen.

No chieftain's daughter now causes my care,
The maid who wove this Wampum is fair!

Her sunny eye
Shall be my light
'Midst the battle-cry,
By day and night.

Forgive—my brave!
My words last spoken,
The gift I gave
Was Love's fond token.

I will never doubt my Warrior so true—
I felt that I loved—and only you!

But why that sigh?
Thou knowest I'm true;
Is the white man nigh?
Are his tracks in the dew?

List! maiden—hark!
The enemy comes!
The prairie-gap's dark,
Do you hear! their drums!

And see o'er the plain their proud flags streaming
And the cursed glist of their muskets gleaming;

Away, sweet maid,
To our wigwam tree,
My tomahawk's blade
Is a shield for thee.

Stay, Warrior, stay!
One moment more,
But no, haste away,
You have fought before;
But remember, love, 'midst the battle's swell
The maid that loves her warrior so well.
Go—to the fight—
Return a *brave*!
Or in isles of light
Thy spirit lave.

The Warrior sped
From the Maiden's side
With a firm, proud tread,
In his martial pride—
His rifle across his shoulder he flung,
By his side a quiver of arrows hung.
His belt was rife
With bristly sheen—
With scalping-knife
And battle-ax keen.

His proud brow beamed
With a lofty thought—
His dark eye gleamed
As the foe he sought;

The wrongs of his race were on his mind,
And the scent of blood was on the wind.

He cast a look
Of vengeful ire—
And his tomahawk shook
With a nerve of fire.

He pressed to the van
Of the charging foe,
And died like a man,
When the sun was low—
Near where he fell—and all around
Heaps of the slain incumbered the ground:
The maid kept the Belt
Till the day of her death;
And she constantly felt
'T was as dear as her breath.

SIR WILLIAM.

HE FALLS DREADFULLY IN LOVE—HEARS A FRIGHTFUL NOISE
IN THE WOODS NEAR HIS DWELLING AFTER NIGHT—AROUSES
HIS SQUIRE—THEY SALLY FORTH TO MEET THE ENEMY—
THEIR RETURN.

SIR WILLIAM at his Mansion door,
Being skill'd in every kind of lore,
Began to plan what course to take,
For *Love* had caused his heart to ache;
The archer boy had hurl'd a dart
Which pierc'd him through his valiant heart;
There, like some stricken deer he stood—
When all at once from the dark wood
A frightful yell broke on his ear,
Which caused him momentary fear;
But thinking of his mule and gun,
He then could either fight, or run,
As the occasion might require,
And as instructed by his Squire;
For faithful was that chosen page,
In all his Master did engage;
And often by his good advice,
They'd gain a victory in a trice.

And as the frightful yell still rung
Like the hoarse Clarion's brazen tongue,

The valiant Knight thought it was best
To have his Squire up and drest;
For it was then the noon of night,
And *Love*, with its soft, glimmering light,
Which burns as well by night as day,
Had kept the drowsy god away;
Nor had the Knight once clos'd his eye
In slumber, when he heard the cry,
"Up, Sudo, up, strange sounds I hear,
Our enemies are doubtless near!
And from the noise across the glen,
There must be threescore armed men!"
Forth in an instant sprang the Squire,
And soon had on his full attire;
And at this time the Knight was seen
Plunging his legs in Beaverteen;
For, until then, his Squire has said,
He was just as he'd gone to bed;
His coat around him next he threw,
And to his trusty fire-lock flew;
And Sudo, blundering o'er a stool,
Lanch'd forth to rig his Master's mule:
Next for his sword the Knight dash'd round,
Until the deadly blade he found;
And buckling it upon his thigh,
While marshal fire flash'd from his eye—
Thus to his waiting Squire he spoke,
"Let the mean cravens howl and croak,
And steal upon us in the night,
They'd cower to view me in the light:

This blade will take us safely through—
Be brave and cautious now my *Su*.”
But Sudo thought it best to stay,
And fight them just at dawn of day;
But WILLIAM to this plan demurred,
Saying, “I’m your lord and must be heard!
Shall *Emma Seaton* ever hear
That *William* shunned a fight through fear?
Shall blushes mantle her sweet face,
On hearing of her Knight’s disgrace?
No, sooner let this throbbing heart
Be pierc’d by every deadly dart
That bristles thick in yonder wood—
To die in such a cause is good.
We must immediately prepare,
I think PHILANTHROPOS is there;
And if he is, he soon shall feel
The terrors of my vengeful steel;
His marshaled clan shall bleed or fly,
Before the dawn shall gild the sky.”

And as he ended this short speech,
Forward he thrust his hand to reach
The rein that curb’d the fiery mule,
And ordered *Su* to bring the stool;
Then mounting on his battle steed,
Cried, “Hurry, Sudo, hasten, speed!
And let us wind across the glen,
And meet those fierce and warlike men;”
And spurring up his charger, then
Plung’d headlong through a miry fen;

And Sudo stumbling o'er a log
Fell "neck and heels" into the bog;
The Knight then fearing for his Squire
Got down, and dragg'd him from the mire—
Poor Sudo, covered o'er with mud,
Being addled, asked if it was blood;
WILLIAM informed him it was not,
And on his dripping charger got;
Then told his Squire to mount behind,
And they the foe anon would find:
Thus up the hill the mule then run,
The Knight with sword, and *Su* with gun;
They scour'd the forest round and round,
But not a foe could there be found;
And *William's* marshal rage grew high,
And then he shouted "Rascals fly!
You dare not meet a single man—
This blade can thin your murderous clan!
Fly! base assassins! would you steep
Your blades in valor when asleep?"

And as he ended this shrill shout
They heard the noise that brought them out;
And a sound pelt upon the head,
Laid Knight and Squire on earth for dead:
Hard was the blow, and long they lay,
And the scared charger moped away.
At length the Knight raised to his knees
And cried, "O, spare us, if you please!"
While Sudo, getting on his feet
Began to think of a retreat;

But as still silence round them reigned,
They waited, and their breath regained;
At length the Knight rose up and said,
"What was it struck us on the head?"
And after feeling sometime round,
He found a log upon the ground;
And tracing it towards the stump,
He found from whence they'd got the thump;
He found what gave the dreadful jog,
It was a large green "*horsing-log*;"
And just then from a neighboring tree
An Owl poured its hoarse minstrelsy,
And in its solemn *hoot* they heard
The voice which they had so much feared;
"Plague on that Owl," then Sudo said,
"Strike off the dirty rascal's head!
This is the *foe* that *whoo'd* us out,
I'll give the chap a soldier's 'bout'—
Then to his face the rifle drew,
But off the cowardly night-owl flew;
But *William*, deeply stung with grief,
To think this saucy chicken thief
Had caused them such a luckless trip,
Began to hang his under lip;
And feeling for his sword around,
Said, "*Su*, I've got a fatal wound;
Not from this knot upon my head,
But one I've greater cause to dread;
If *Emma Seaton* hears of this,
'Way goes my cup of earthly bliss;

And shame, remorse, and foul disgrace,
Shall darken this now beaming face.
Now, Sudo, let us cross the glen
And say we fought a host of men,
And always *stick to it*, my lark,
And keep the shameful matter dark !”
And as they to the house returned,
With anger and with shame they burned.
November 13, 1837.



MAXINKUCKEE.*

FAR in the West, where red men roam
In native indolence and ease,
And pitch their rude, unseemly home,
’Mong the tall, shady forest trees,
Sleeps a small lake, whose waters mild
Smile ’mid the solitary wild.

There Nature’s wild, luxuriant wreath
In woodland eclat decks the strand,
Where lake-flowers, gently rising, breathe
Their fragrant sweets o’er lake and land ;
And gentle zephyrs wildly sweep
Their balmy wings across the deep.

* The Indian name for ROCK LAKE.

There Phœbus, as he mounts the sky,
Refulgent with the glow of Spring,
Sheds his bright beams, and smilingly
Bids each sweet bird its matin sing ;
And then, anon, the forest band
Thrills melody o'er lake and land.

The clear, calm lake and rose-bound shore,
The matin hymn, and Phœbus' ray,
The wild bee's hum, and rill's soft roar,
The verdant dell, and leaf-crowned spray,
Have each a charm, a rural spell,
Which heart conceives, but ne'er can tell.

INVOCATION TO THE HARP.

IMPERIOUS Custom now demands
A trial of my youthful hands
Upon the harp which Jubal strung,
While yet this teeming Earth was young—
Which Homer and Isaiah bore,
And charm'd the listening throngs of yore.
Harp of the ancients! still thy chime
Comes echoing down the stream of Time.
Though Ilion's towers have passed away,
Though Greece has fallen in decay,
And cruel Turks now press the sod
Where sleep the Prophets of our God,
Yet still the thrilling lyre retains
Its sweet and soul-subduing strains.

TIME.

TIME! thou sovereign Potentate,
Of every Kingdom, Power, and State,
Contained within this little world—
O'er them thy banners are unfurl'd;
And with majestic frolic wave
O'er Tyrant's dust, and Freedom's grave.

Thy trophies on each sea are borne—
Bright diadems from Princes shorn;
Each lake and river groan and toil
To swell the Universal spoil;
And every mountain, hill, and plain,
Immense and glittering spoils contain.

Proud forests tremble 'neath thy sway,
The willing winds thy voice obey!
The Simoon coils beneath thy feet;
The bellowing thunders all retreat;
Or, when commanded by thy word
Through heaven their tenfold peals are heard.

All Nature, animate or still,
Is subject to thy Sovereign will,
Which rules, with an unbounded sway,
In night's thick gloom, or blaze of day;
And every edict from thy throne
Shall be obeyed as soon as known.

Thy bounty fills the vernal grove
With shining corals—Peace and Love
Attend upon thy balmy tread
O'er mountain, valley, field, and mead;
Thou spread'st the hues on beauty's face,
And thou the rosy charms erase.

O, ceaseless and all-conquering Time!
Roll on in majesty sublime;
Give fruits and flowers in gentle Spring,
Then blast them with thy Autumn wing—
Teach *Man* the substance of thy wave,
Ere he shall sink in Folly's grave.

TEMPERANCE.

THE Temperance Army has its Flag unfurl'd,
Its gallant cohorts cover half the world;
State after State in quick succession joins
To put down Whisky, Alcohol, and Wines.
Ill fares the wight who would oppose a plan
To cure the inebriate, and exalt the man;
Who for self-interest—to increase his purse—
Would rivet on his fellow-man a curse.

The late election* threw a beam of light
Athwart the drunkard's dark and starless night,
And bade him hope that, ere this Winter's close,
He might escape the thralldom of his foes.

Shall his fond hopes again in ruin end?
Has he no succor? Has he yet a friend
To lend him aid in this much needed hour,
To help him 'scape the blighting tempter's power?
When wolf attacks the helpless lamb, we fly,
And the gaunt wolf is quickly doom'd to die;
If rattlesnake should bite a horse or cow,
The farmer drops his reins and stops the plow,
And hunts his snakeship 'mid the grass and weeds,
And soon the head-bruised serpent bleeds!
When woman weeps, and children cry for bread,
And all their hopes of happiness have fled,

* The annual election of 1854, in Indiana.

Shall no strong Statute interpose its aid,
And check the miseries of the Liquor Trade?
Is *Man* more worthless than the *brute* he feeds?
Shall we be deaf when an immortal pleads?

NATIVE AMERICAN CREED.

IF "SAM" is right, I would suggest
A native Hoosier as the best
For Senator—why look afar?
Prefer the fix'd to shooting star;
Exotics might roll off again
To some new land beyond the main.
'T is good and right sometimes, I grant,
To change a seedling or a cabbage-plant;
But those which best repay the Farmer's toil,
Grow the most vigorous in their native soil.
Transplant an Oleander or a Fig,
Import your Durham Calf or Berkshire Pig;
But let your *Statesmen*, from a firmer stand,
Say, "This is my own—*my native land!*"

December, 1855.

HYMENEAL ALTAR.

WHAT heart, once led to Hymen's shrine,
The silken wreath of Love to twine,
Does not with sweet emotions swell,
And own Love's soul-entrancing spell?
All own the sweet, bewitching power
That hallows that delightful hour!

LOVE, holiest passion of the breast!
The Prince's crown, the Warrior's crest,
As tinsel things are cast aside,
To wed a young and lovely bride;
Ambition! that would grasp each land,
Now sues to press one gentle hand.

Such, Love, is thy sweet, potent sway—
'The Conqueror's wreath, Ambition's bay,
Are found too empty to impart,
Thrills of pure transport through the heart;
Yet thy blest Altars brightly stand,
A hallowed shrine in every land.

GOD'S LOVE.

Love is the brightest, purest gem
That decks the Almighty's Diadem;
It is the sweetest note e'er sung
By mortal, or by angel's tongue;
'T was in the dawn that brought the light
That smil'd away primeval Night;
And when earth, sea, and sky were made,
Love blossom'd from each bower and glade;
Along the hills and through the vales,
It whispered in the passing gales,
And brilliant stars of lucid light
Flam'd in the coronet of Night!

Look where we may, above, below—
'Mid sunny climes, or realms of snow—
Love, like an Iris, spans the whole,
And wraps our earth from pole to pole;
And far beyond the rolling spheres,
Knit through each link of endless years,
Its ever-during garland twines,
And in each sparkling dew-drop shines.

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM OF MISS ELIZABETH H—.

THE skillful Painter can portray
The symmetry of form and face,
And to his canvas may convey
The lineaments of every grace,
Until the picture seem to live—
So true a likeness art can give ;
But with his pencil and his Art,
He can not paint a human heart.

The Painter sees the Rose expand,
Joy instantly lights up his eye—
He takes his pencil in his hand,
To imitate each lovely dye
That overspreads the blushing flower,
Nor heeds each swiftly-passing hour
Till he has done. The copy's fair !
But then the *fragrance* is not there !

Then should your humble friend aspire
In measured strains to sing thy praise,
Unused to touch the thrilling Lyre,
Unskill'd in panegyric lays,

Since human skill has failed to trace
The beauties of the form or face,
And sculptor's hand is all unfit
To copy sentiment and wit.

But I can feel as Painters feel
When o'er some lovely model bent;
I can admire the cheek's vermeil,
And eyes that look so eloquent;
And can admire, with sincere pleasure,
That better and most lasting treasure,
That Virtue, Modesty, and merit,
Which you so richly do inherit.

May, 1844.

NOTE TO THE ANTEDILUVIAN.

LITTLE is known of the history of the people who lived before the Flood. All we know concerning them may be found recorded in a few of the first chapters of Genesis. This Poem opens with the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. Allusion is made to their forlorn condition after their expulsion from Paradise—the Earth cursed on account of man's transgression—Sin hereditary, and is transmitted to Adam's Offspring—Cain slays Abel—Physical Phenomenon — Earthquakes, Tornadoes, and Tempests deform land and sea—A belligerent Spirit seizes beasts, birds, fishes, and insects—Idolatry—War, and Crimes of the Antediluvians—Noah Preaches Righteousness—Longevity favorable to the increase and spread of Crime—Enoch translated to Heaven—Noah's Sermon after entering the Ark—His audience—After the Ark is closed the Polar storms are let loose, and the Earth is soon covered with water, drowning every living thing except those within the Ark—The drifting Ark—Noah's Astronomical speculations—Geology bears evidence of the Flood.

THE ANTEDILUVIANS.

WHEN our first parents, driven from their bower,
Wandered outside the blooming Garden's gates,
Deep, pungent grief marked every lineament
Of faces once as placid as the beam
Of orient sun when kissing morning flowers!

Sweet, odor-scented gales, from Eden borne,
Fann'd their pain'd temples, as around they strayed,
Seeking an ingress to their Eden home—
But cherubim with flaming sword drawn!
Guarded each gateway to their primal bower.

Thus interdicted, off they sadly turn'd
To seek a spot whereon to rear a lodge,
By the bright river that meandered near.

Slow moved the pair, as each reluctant step,
Bore them still further from the much-loved place
That crowned their nuptials, 'midst angelic guests,
Where God came daily to enhance their bliss,
And guide their feet in paths of endless joy!

With saddened hearts they saw the golden sun
Sink down behind a scroll of gorgeous clouds,

That tinged the horizon's rim with varying dyes!
That glorious sun obeyed its Maker's will—
Rose every morning, run its radiant course,
Dispensing light and heat on all below—
Darting effulgence o'er the Solar band,
That journey'd with him through the starry skies,
And distant systems of revolving worlds,
And shining nebulæ, his influence felt.

All was harmonious but poor fallen Man!
Thrown from his orbit by the power of sin—
Guilt's withering taint like deadly virus spread
Throughout his nature with electric shock!
And for his sake this beauteous Earth was curs'd—
Forthwith sprang thorns, and noxious weeds, and
briers,

Deep-seated fires burned in the rock-ribbed hills
Presaging earthquakes, and volcanic throes!
Fierce lightnings flashed athwart the darkened sky,
And deep-toned thunders made the welkin ring;
The wolf sprang howling from its cavern den
And bore the lamb relentless from its fold;
Carnivorous beasts, and birds, and insects swarm'd
In hostile bands, each other to devour;
The huge Leviathan and hungry Shark,
And all the finny tenants of the deep,
In wrath pursued each other through the flood;
Siroccos from the scorching deserts came,
And Simoons breath'd their hot and withering
breath,
Through zones where lately fragrant zephyrs play'd

With tropic fruits, and flowers of rarest hues;
Tornadoes leaping from the bleak North-West
Spread havoc in their desolating track!
Euroclydons, and other Ocean winds
Scoop'd vast, deep maelstroms in the boiling deep,
That roll'd and tumbled 'neath the dreadful storm!

Nor warring elements, nor birds, nor beasts alone
Spread desolation o'er this sin-curs'd world—
The bitter Spring pour'd bitter waters forth—
Man's offspring felt the hereditary blight,
And Murder rankled in his first-born's heart,
Who slew his brother in his burning hate.
War, murder's right arm, seized its gory brand,
And spread wild havoc o'er the reeking world!
Tribes, nations, kingdoms bled at every pore,
And slavery, rapine, wrong of every kind
Rear'd their proud crests and made the nations
 groan!
Down-trodden empires o'er which tyrants strode
Paid tribute to each ruthless conqueror!

Adam and Eve though ruin'd by the fall,
Remembered the promise the Almighty made,
That Woman's seed should bruise the serpent's
 head—

Language Prophetic! dimly shadowing forth
Redemption from their sad and fallen state;
But how, or when, the ransom should be paid,
Was in the distant future deeply vail'd;

The kind assurance buoyed their spirits up—
God's promises they knew were always sure,
His maledictions they had keenly felt—
The promised good might mitigate their woe,
And neutralize the Curse's crushing power!

Altars and burnt-offerings soon began to smoke,
Morning and evening clouds of incense rose,
To reconcile the offended King of Heaven,
Who sway'd his scepter o'er the countless worlds
That swept in flaming galaxies through boundless
space,

And whose all-seeing eye scann'd every mite,
However small, within his wide domain—
The falling sparrow, and the falling star,
The dropping hair, and congery of globes,
Alike were noticed by the Eternal One,
Who shower'd down blessings on the obedient few,
Who offered prayers and sacrifice to Him—
And took Just Enoch to his home on high.

Idolatry its countless altars rear'd
Throughout all Asia, and each neighboring land,
Where'er mankind their habitation built,
In rural wilds, or within city walls,
There crime took root, and every baleful vice,
Shed its infection on the poison'd air,
That rung with mingled curses, groans, and prayers.

Those ancient, long-liv'd races were expert
In feats athletic, and the arts of war;
Stern visaged men, and mighty warriors vied

In bloody conflicts on the ensanguined field!
What unrecorded battle-fields run blood
When giant Chieftains lifted high their spears
And led their myriad hosts in fury on!
Beleaguered cities long withstood the shock,
Of battering rams, and every engine's might
That plied against their adamantine walls.
Sappers and miners, too, in secret wrought
Deep subterranean channels 'neath their towers,
Till countermines their fearful mischiefs check'd,
And held the fierce besieging hosts at bay:
Gaunt famine pressed the invested army sore,
And hunger won where might and valor failed.
Where are the relics of those bloody wars
That scourg'd the world before the mighty Flood?
Are there no mounds, nor monuments extant
To mark the spot where the first races fell?
No buried Pompeii in ruins laid—
Beneath the debris of the Deluge cast
O'er all the valleys of the ancient world.

The rocky summits of the mountains bear
Strong testimony of that sweeping flood,
Fossil remains of races long extinct—
The huge Mastodon—and gigantic men
Large as the fabled Cyclops still are found
Imbedded deep in the earth's solid crust!
Question Geology! will she respond
With her deep lessons written on the rocks?
Ask Alchemy if in her mystic lore
She has a record of those ancient times

When Cain and Lamech dwelt upon the earth,
When Noah preach'd of God's impending wrath
At mankind's wickedness, and monstrous crimes,
That made our world an ante-room of hell—
That yawn'd to engulf the whole Adamic race.

He preached repentance to a scoffing world
Who mock'd his warm appeals with laugh, and jest;
They had their gods whose Altars reek'd with blood,
Whose Priests humm'd orgies on the shore of Styx,
As the departing spirits stepp'd on board
Old Charon's Boat to cross the Stygian flood.

Longevity was favorable to crime,
Nine centuries' practice made adepts in sin,
If threescore years such scoundrels now can make
In all the darkened catalogues of crime;
What sum in allegation can unfold
The ratio just of five-and-forty scores?
To which, add what their aged grandsires knew—
'T would double the sum and aggregate of crime;
The vast compounds that every year would give
Would balk our figures ere we made the sum.

Had their long lives been spent in doing good,
In seeking knowledge, and exploring Truth,
Where might the arts and sciences have stood,
Long ere the flood its inundation pour'd
In wild destruction o'er the devoted earth?
The sweeping Deluge then had never been—
For man's exalted wisdom would have won,
Compassion from the insulted Deity.

Astronomy with gates wide open thrown
Would have shown man all her witching mysteries,
And led his thoughts along the shining steps
That lead up to the dazzling Throne of God.

The fame of Noah's preaching spread abroad,
And all mankind—who then one language spoke,
Heard how the Almighty was incensed at man,
For his outrageous crimes that cried to Heaven
For vengeance on the whole obdurate race.

Though the great Truth in power was thundered
forth

With energetic eloquence and love
By the bold Preacher, who denounced each sin,
And plainly told of the approaching storm
Before the cloud had darkened on the sky;
Yet all his earnest admonitions fell,
Unheeded by the guilty sons of men—
Who each pursued his favorite folly on
To its bright goal, as if impelled by fate.
When six score years of stern reproof had passed,
And the great Ark was ready to receive
The precious freight that God had deigned to save
From the fell Deluge that was pending near,
An awful stillness reigned upon the earth,
Such as precedes the earthquake's fearful might!
Beasts, birds, and reptiles then in pairs came,
Guided by instinct to the Asylum huge,
Till pairs of every living, creeping thing
(And sevens of clean beasts, such as God had
named)

Were safely hous'd within its massive walls,
With food sufficient for each creature's want.
The lion and his mate in quiet lay,
Near where the lamb was sleeping in its fold;
The leopard and the tiger, too, were near,
And felt the breathing of the gentle kine;
The fierce, voracious nature of each beast
Was check'd by God's omnipotent behest,
And all in concord dwelt together there,
Then Noah and his household stepp'd into the Ark,
That on the dry ground rested like a house.

A gust of laughter and mimic groans
Burst from the motley groups of lookers-on
Whom curiosity had gathered there
To see their "Preacher" go "aboard his Boat!"
When jeers and clapping hands had ceased awhile,
The good old Patriarch again stood forth,
And preached another sermon to the crowd!
Their funeral sermon! such as culprits hear
Before they're launch'd into another world!

Men stood around who on the Ark had worked
For months and years, but all the while had deem'd
It a stupendous Folly. Those who wrought
On its strong timbers on the distant hills,
And those who haul'd the timber to the spot
Where cunning workmen shap'd and match'd each
beam,
With scores of artisans, and rural swains,
Stood in the mocking crowd and laugh'd, and jeer'd;
Women in groups festoon'd the adjacent hills,

And from tall towers, and housetops waved their
hands;

Some held aloft their infants to behold
The aged Seer pronounce his last appeal;
The traveler and casual passer-by
Attracted by the shouting multitude
Stopp'd, and beheld the novel spectacle,
And then pursued their course with unconcern.
A few, perhaps, less hardened than the rest,
Felt insecure, and half inclined to prayer,
Cast baleful glances at the dark'ning heavens,
That by degrees assumed a deeper shade
As merging clouds wave up a thicker gloom,
Fierce lightnings flash'd in zig-zag lines of fire
And seven-fold thunders peal'd along the sky!
God's own right arm then piercing through the
heavens

Closed up the Ark—as signal for the storm.

Out rush'd the polar storms in furious mood
Driving the clouds in condensed masses on
Towards the equator, where the eddying winds
Thrust mass on mass with such impetuous force
That the crush'd clouds pour'd forth the whelming
rain

That fell in torrents on the sheeted ground.

Soon yellow rills leap'd down the mountain sides,
And deep ravines their roaring currents pour'd
Into the creeks and rivers, far and near,
That overleapt their banks in turbid floods,
And inundated every vale and plain—

Sweeping men's dwellings o'er the submerged fields,
Where animals and men commingling strove
To gain the summits of contiguous hills.

Wild, horrid screams of drowning men and beasts
Mixed with the tumult of the un pitying storm,
As crash on crash of ten-fold thunders peal'd
A wild, deep chorus to the Tempest's blast.
Through the dense gloom as quivering lightnings
blazed

The circling Condor and the Albatross
Wheel'd midst the eddies of the pelting storm,
Waking the Eagle from his lofty cliff
To mix his shrieking with each feather'd tribe
That fluttered wildly through the troubled air.

Anon the waters covered all the hills,
And here and there a tree-top on the plain,
Covered with clinging beasts and starving fowls,
Showed where the forest in immersion stood.
Borne on the whirling currents floated round
The bodies of drowned men, and beasts of every
kind,

That lodg'd at times upon the half-hid towers,
And palace steeples, wealth had rear'd on high;
Then loos'ning dash'd against the rocky cliffs
'Midst wrecks of grandeur that was beetling there!
There the gaunt wolf still clinging to the deer
Floated beside the Elephant and Moose—
And every beautiful, and every loathsome beast
Commingled strangely in the floating mass
That chok'd the surface of that turbid sea,

That higher rose at every passing hour,
Threat'ning extinction to each living thing
Outside the Ark—that floated grandly on.

On either hand the lofty mountain crests
Were lined with struggling men, and beasts, and
birds,

Clinging with desperation to each peak
To save a life to them no longer dear—
Such the instinctive dread we have of death—
We would live on when life gives only pain.

And to increase the terrors of the few
Still clinging to the Alpine mountain crags,
Deep subterranean fires burst sudden forth,
Spouting huge streams of fiery lava round,
Destroying all on whom their currents fell.
From base to summit shook each mountain range,
As water into their deep caverns run,
Producing steam, that could not be repressed,
And to get vent, with loud explosions rent
Mountains in twain, and dash'd their fragments
round!

Soon all was silent, for the expansive Flood
Had wrapp'd the earth in one vast watery sheet:
The deep-toned thunders, and volcanoes ceased,
And the lone Ark sublimely rode the flood!

After the tumult of the waters ceased,
And the strong winds had to their homes retir'd,
Howling sad requiems to the countless dead,
That lie unburied 'neath the tossing flood

Save when an Avalanche with mighty force
Swept down the mountain o'er the adjacent plain;
Or circumfluent currents wash'd the soil
And cast a slimy debris o'er each corpse
Lodged in the lowlands of each field and plain;
Still onward moved the mighty oarless bark—
Drifting where'er the winds and currents drove:
Now 'midst the tropics, now in temperate zones,
Now from the Antarctic to the Arctic driven—
The huge lone Ark traversing every sea.

While floating o'er the submerged earth, on high
The Patriarch Captain fix'd his anxious gaze,
And watch'd the constellations as they wheel'd
Round the bright ecliptic—for his eye
Knew well their paths along the ethereal plains,
Long ere the Chaldees learned the stellar art,
Or Egypt's Monarchs from their lofty towers
Held nightly vigils with revolving worlds.
Orion's belt he saw ere Orion lived—
And aftertimes recorded what he knew,
And what he taught his sons upon the Ark.
On many a clear and star-enameled night,
With family around him on the upper deck
Noah gave lectures on Astronomy
To while away the tedious hours, and show
The matchless wisdom of that Architect
Who fram'd the Universe, with all its worlds,
From the black rubbish of chaotic gloom!

No Chaldean ever lived six hundred years

To push inquiries round the starry heavens,
Nor stood on such an elevated tower
As Noah did when riding high above
Himalaya's cloud-capp'd summits!
Full thirty cubits higher than the tallest peaks
Of loftiest mountains rode the ponderous Ark!
What observations then did Noah make,
While pressing up so near the rolling spheres!
Watching their movements 'round their central orbs
As each bright sun its flaming convoy led!
Castor and Pollux, and the larger Bear,
Uranus, Saturn, and the Pleiades,
Mercury, Jupiter, and fiery Mars,
With hosts of other nebulae flam'd on,
Amidst their radiant compeers set on high
To mark the cycles of revolving years,
And teach man wisdom, and the power of God!

What melancholy thoughts distressed the seer
While looking towards the radiant, rolling spheres!
Of all the countless myriads who once beheld
The bright effulgence of that sapphire sky
None lived save those upon the tossing Ark!
Their banquets and their revelries had ceased,
Wealth, honor, power like shadows fled away,
And every vestige of their record lost
'Midst the black debris of a deluged World.

The South wind blew a stiff and constant gale,
Wafting the Ark, and every floating wreck

Far towards the North Pole, where still are seen
Fossil remains of the huge Elephant,
And other animals from torrid zones,
That drifted thither on the mighty flood;
And when the receding waters ebb'd away,
Lodg'd 'midst the icebergs of the frozen North;
Proof incontestable of Noah's Flood;
And that God punishes a wicked World.

THE END.

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